HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW SERIAL.

We publish in this number the Second Journey of "THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER"—being a Report, by Charles Dickens, on the Work-house of Wapping. We need hardly add that it is intensely thrilling and affecting. This new series fully sustains Mr. Dickens's world-wide popularity.

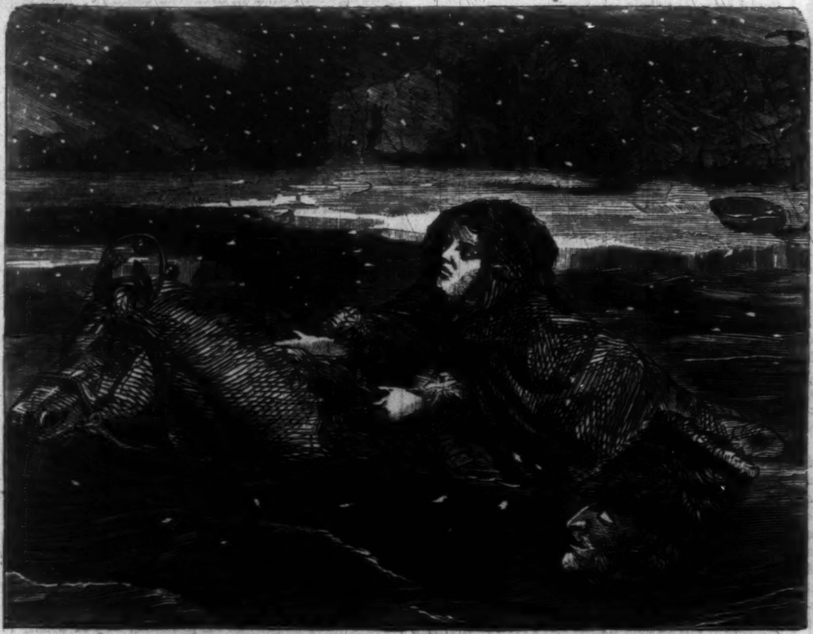
We continue in this number our serials, to wit:

1. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by Wilkie Collins, with McLenan's illustrations—commenced in No. 152.

2. THE NEW PARTNER IN CLINGHAM & CO., an exquisite Story of American Life, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, with illustrations by McLenan—commenced in No. 159.

3. THE MISTRESS OF THE PARSONAGE, by Ella Rodman—another charming Tale of Life in the country in the United States—with Homer's illustrations—commenced in No. 164.

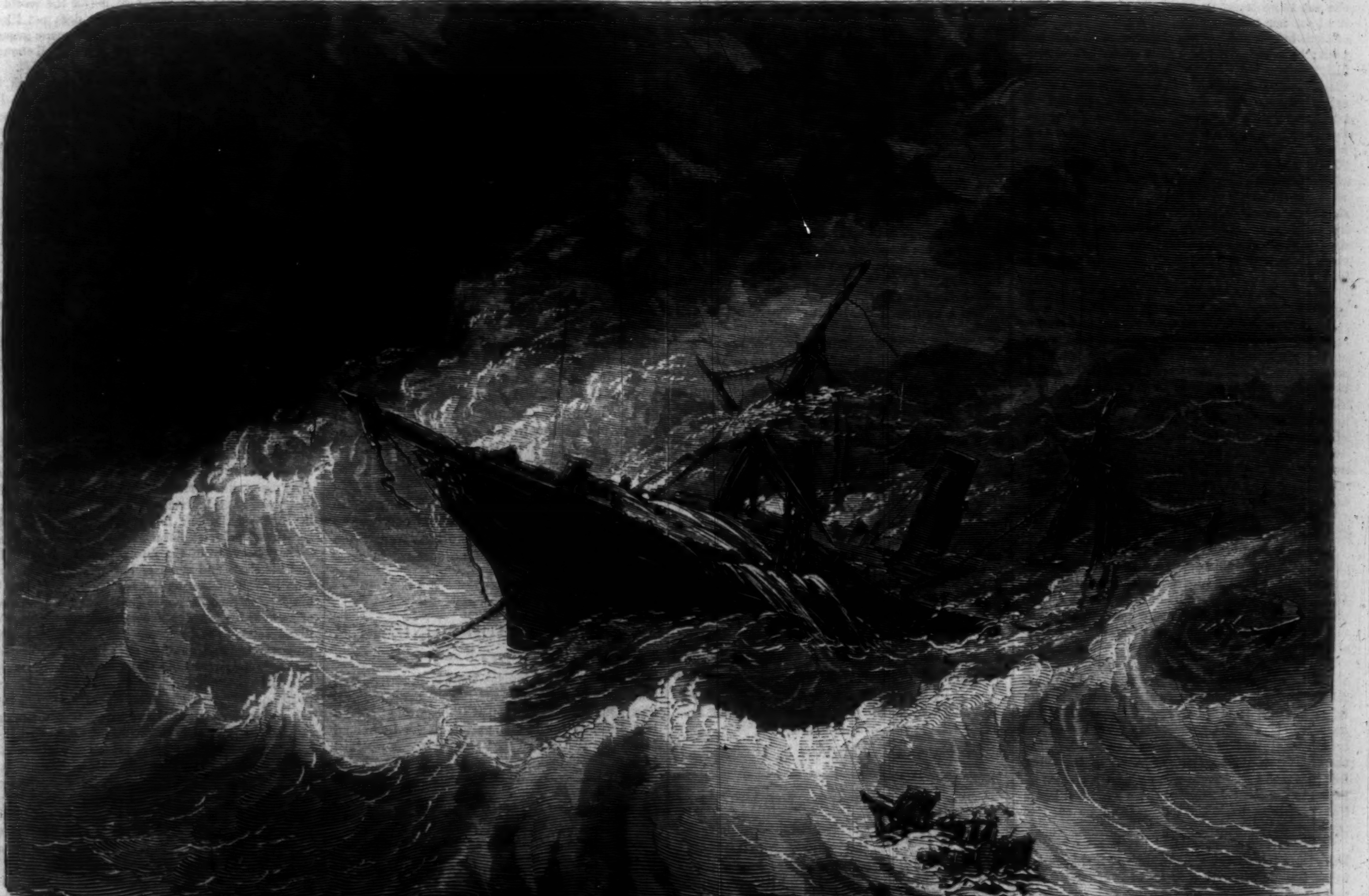
We can supply back numbers on receipt of the money.



A NIGHT ON THE ICE—THE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

A NIGHT ON THE ICE.

We had been to a picnic, in the Canadian backwoods, some six or seven miles beyond the Tircouaga, and were returning home in two light one-horse sleighs, the first containing Mr. Norton and his elder daughter, the second her sister and myself. The night was calm and beautiful in its dim snow-light, and the red glow of the northern streamers above our heads flashed and leaped and quivered in a thousand brilliant coruscations; while strangely and sweetly through the gray old woods sounded the clear girlish voices of the sisters, as from the different sleighs they sang in alternate stanzas one of the quaint old ballads of the Middle Ages. At length we reached the banks of the Tircouaga, which lay between us and our home, a mirror of ice, and we at once commenced its passage. As we swept quickly on, it seemed to me that some other sound mingled with the firm footfalls of the horses, and the chime of their bells—a low threatening murmur like the echo of a distant tempest. But Mr. Norton drove gayly on, as if he either heard it not, or thought nothing of it, and I dismissed it from



LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "HUNGARIAN," OFF SABLE ISLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, FEBRUARY, 1860.—[See Next Page.]

my mind, until as we drew near the centre of the river, strange dark spots, like cloud-shadows, began to fleck its gleaming surface.

The next instant one appeared right on Mr. Norton's path, and too close for him to avoid. With a long leap the horse bounded over it, and as the sleigh was drawn quickly after, there was a plash that told it had struck against water. I could see Mr. Norton spring hurriedly up.

"Back, back, for your lives!" he cried to us; "the ice is breaking up!"

I turned to follow his directions, but it was too late—two or three such spots lay between us and the bank. I looked around; they were rapidly appearing on every side; and then I remembered to have heard that the ice of the Tircouaga was treacherous in consequence of hot springs in the bed of the river, which at times burst forth; and that particularly in the early part of the winter the morning would see the river covered with ice, of which before evening not a trace would remain.

Perceiving how matters were, Mr. Norton bade us follow him, and quickly, for that not a moment was to be lost; and then dashed off at a rapid pace for the opposite bank, leaping the chasms, and speeding lightly on over the frozen portions, as if he hoped by swiftness to diminish the danger; and with the same breathless speed we hastened on in his rear.

Meanwhile, larger and more numerous grew those dark blue spaces, and longer and more frequent our horses' leaps. At length there came a chasm mine could not venture. I looked eagerly round for some more favorable spot; but as my eye glanced onward, it fell on constantly-widening water, until it had gone the circuit, and, with a sensation of surprise and horror, I perceived that we stood upon an ice island, from which the surrounding ice was rapidly retreating. I looked after Mr. Norton; but, unsuspicious of what had happened, he was still making his way with arrowy speed across the ice; so I felt we were left to our own efforts for escape, and my utter inexperience rendered the chances few indeed, unless we should again draw near enough to the main ice to leap the space between; and none can tell how anxiously I watched each movement of our raft as it began to yield to the influence of the current. But each fathom that we were swept down the river seemed to bear us an equal distance from its icy borders, and we soon found ourselves floating on a comparatively open space of water, and surrounded by numerous ice-islets.

I could almost have echoed poor Annie's cry of agony when the certainty of our position burst upon her, so fearful was it. Alone at midnight, on a fragment of ice, floating down a rapid river whose future course I knew not, while on each side stretched tracts of crumbling ice, and beyond them rose banks of inaccessible steepness! What could exceed the desolation of such a position, and what hope could it leave to us of life? While, to complete our misery, we had not even the power to struggle against our fate, but must passively await its coming.

How deeply I pitied my young companion, as she sat there weeping such bitter tears. It was hard for her to part with life, after sixteen years of such bright and joyous experience as hers had been; hard to lay it down thus suddenly and fearfully, absent from all she loved, and yet harder the unresolvable fears for her father's and sister's safety which our own danger had awakened. I tried to utter words of consolation as I wrapped the poor girl in the buffalo robes from the chill night air that our inaction rendered doubly cold. She looked a sad contrast to the bright creature of the last few hours, whose joyous ballad-strains were yet lingering in my ears. But when the first shock was over, poor Annie struggled bravely with her grief, and during the remainder of that long, dreary night of peril she sat calmly by my side, the most patient and resigned companion man ever had in danger.

Meanwhile, the river was bearing us swiftly on past rocky headlands, and dark pine forests, waving above lofty cliffs, on to yet wilder and sterner regions, where it seemed even the red man would scarce pitch his wigwam. Sometimes the river swept us smoothly along on its broad bosom, at others it contracted into narrower limits, and hurried on with a quicker current; and as our frail raft was swayed about by the broken water, we ofttimes thought either that it would part, or we be swept from its slippery surface, while every now and then our poor horse beat the ice wildly with his hoof, and, as he recognized its unsoundness, his long shrill cries of distress and terror rang far and wide over the river, and quivered through the dismal woods beyond.

Day at length broke upon us, still floating down that lonely river, between its frowning banks, and on our raft, whose limits were now small indeed. Death seemed close upon us in one of his most repulsive forms, and we no longer pretended blindness to his coming, but spoke together as they should whose hour was at hand.

Suddenly the river took an abrupt bend, and, aided by the waters of another river, which here fell into it, spread almost to the dimensions of a lake; but still it was bordered by those monotonous, wall-like banks, shutting out every hope. At length we sighted something like a chasm dividing the cliff down to the water's edge. I sprang to my feet in a moment. Here was at least a chance of life—the first that during all those wretched hours had presented itself—and I resolved at once to profit by it.

Without a moment's delay the horse was cast loose from the shafts, and Annie was tied securely to his back, then with a few words of encouragement and hope to the poor young girl, doomed to so many hardships and dangers, I took the halter in my hand, and sending the horse into the water, leaped in myself, and then commenced swimming to the shore.

But the struggle was a long and arduous one, for we were more than a mile from the land, and both the horse and I were cramped and stiffened with cold. Many a time I thought the effort was in vain, and that neither the horse nor I would ever reach the shore, that to my weariness seemed to recede as we advanced. Moreover, the current pressed strongly against us, striving to sweep us down beyond our goal, against the steep rocky barrier that lined the water. Fortunately the hot springs had raised the temperature of the water, for poor Annie's girlish form was almost hidden in it, as the waves gurgled and surged around her, sometimes even sweeping above her head. But the young girl's courage rose with the occasion, and she bore unmurmuringly this new phase of suffering.

But they strive hard whose prize is life, and after more than an hour of hope, and doubt, and fear, we reached the land we had never hoped to tread again. As we emerged from the water the wintry wind pierced through our saturated clothing, with an icy chill that threatened to freeze them on us. Providentially, in our need, we found a settler's house near at hand, where we obtained dry clothes, refreshment, and the loan of a horse and sleigh, in which we were soon speeding along the road to Tircouaga. As we proceeded, fresh fears for her father's and sister's fate assailed poor Annie, which were only set at rest when she found herself in their arms.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "HUNGARIAN."

We publish on the preceding page a picture of the wreck of the steamship *Hungarian*, which was lost on the morning of February 20, on Sable Island, Nova Scotia. At the time of writing very few particulars of this terrible catastrophe have come to hand. A telegram from Halifax, dated 21st, said:

The large steamship ashore on the west side of Cape Sable is the steamship *Hungarian*, which sailed from Queenstown on the 9th inst. for Portland.

She is a total wreck, and all her crew and passengers are supposed to be lost.

A small portion of her hull is now visible at low water.

Nothing like the news dispatched for the Associated Press can be found, but it is thought it may be in the mail, a small portion of which has been saved in a damaged state.

One passenger ticket has been found with the name of Ellen Sheehan upon it.

The following has been sent from Cape Sable to Messrs. Cunard & Co:

"A steamer's lights were seen on Monday morning at three o'clock; at daybreak the spars and pipes were seen standing, and at 10 A.M. all had gone by the board. Then the ship settled fast. A heavy sea was running, breaking mast high over the ship. Communication with the ship was impossible All on board must have been lost, unless the boats left the ship before daylight, which is not likely. At low water part of the ship is still visible."

The *Hungarian* left Liverpool on Wednesday, the 8th inst., under command of Captain Jones, and touched at Queenstown, Ireland, as customary with the vessels of the line, steaming away the next afternoon (Thursday, the 9th ult.) for Portland.

The *Hungarian* was on this occasion on her third voyage from Liverpool to Portland, her preceding trips having been accomplished in good time, and under very favorable circumstances.

Other dispatches, dated 24th, say:

A dispatch from Ragged Island, 24th, to the Postmaster General, says that the supplementary mail bags for Canada and New York have been picked up, and are in safety, but in a very damaged state, and are awaiting orders. Postmaster-General Woodgate has ordered the mails to be brought to Halifax to be arranged, as the bags are burst and the letters torn.

The following is the latest news from the scene of the wreck:

Barrington, *Feb.* 24—9 P.M.

Thomas Nickerson informs me that, on Monday morning at three o'clock, he saw from the main land a steamer's light. It was stationary for some time, and he supposed a ship had struck on the Horse Race, about two miles off the Cape. It was then seen to move. At daylight a large steamer was seen ashore, with one mast standing. He thinks he saw men on it when it went over, which was soon after daylight.

A report has reached me that the steward's pocket-book has been picked up, having some passengers' names or extras. I will inquire into it and report.

On Wednesday the body of one small child was found, and yesterday that of one man, supposed to be a fireman. The Coroner is attending to them.

Portions of the mail and cargo are being yet picked up.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 3, 1860.

COMMERCIAL LEGISLATION.

Lane, the man who cheated the Fulton Bank of several thousand dollars, which he spent on fast women, horses, and other forms of dissipation, has been convicted, and will be sent to Sing Sing. No one will pity a fellow who was equally infamous as a confidential servant, as a husband, and as a son; who, not content with robbing his employers, reduced his old father to beggary, and deliberately involved his wife, family, and friends in ruin and disgrace.

But it is a mercy he has been convicted. Eminent counsel, before the trial, gravely doubted whether he had committed any offense of which the law could take cognizance. Our commercial code is so imperfect that it is a mere chance that he was caught in the net. He very nearly escaped. Indeed, such is the laxity, and such the omissions in the penal statutes against commercial frauds, that a man may cheat and steal in a hundred various ways without running any grave danger. Schuyler, it is said, might have returned to New York in safety; under our present law he could not have been punished. A man walks the streets, rules political meetings, and fills offices of honor in the State who, a few years since, deliberately robbed Wall Street brokers of nearly a hundred thousand dollars, yet was held to have committed no penal offense. Peter Funk sells brass watches every day to innocent green-horns, and the law can do no more than compel him to refund the stolen money when his victim has the nerve and the time to prosecute. The other day a rascal was taken before the Mayor for robbing a stranger by selling him a spurious ticket for a passage on board an Atlantic steamer; he was told to refund the money; he refused, and was about to be taken to prison when he suddenly recollected himself, and observing, "I can't afford to be locked up the day the California steamer sails," reluctantly disgorged, and was liberated. In plain words, he consented to forego the fruits of one robbery for the prospect of half a dozen others.

They order these matters better in England. There, for many years, the commercial code has been reformed and improved year by year new statutes being passed to meet every new form of roguery devised by the increasing ingenuity of rascaldom, or suggested by the development of commerce. The consequence is, that in London, where rogues abound, the rogue who is punished is the rule, and the rogue who escapes the exception. It is high time that we took a lesson from our neighbors over the water in this respect. Our commercial laws are entirely inadequate to cope with the modern forms of fraud. Who will undertake to revise them?

DELIBERATE MURDER.

The spread of diseases of the throat has latterly attracted much attention. Deaths from throat diseases, especially that form of them known as *diphtheria*, are much more frequent than they used to be, especially in towns. Various causes have been assigned for the appearance of diphtheria as an epidemic; few of them, however, are easily reconciled with the facts. The climate is not more severe than it used to be. Latterly the clothing of women and children has been more substantial than it was half a dozen years since; the faculty and the press have inveighed so loudly against thin shoes and unsubstantial coverings for the body that a better style of costume has been generally adopted. The only good reason that has been given for the surprising development of throat disease in these days is the habit—now common in most of our large cities—of hastening the melting of the snow in the streets by mixing it with salt. In New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, after every great fall of snow, the streets are plentifully salted by the omnibus proprietors, whose profits are diminished during the sleighing season.

The consequence of this is the conversion of the snow into what an eminent surgeon styles a sort of ice-cream—intensely cold, and so penetrating that it finds its way through the thickest boots. The air, too, is impregnated with a saline vapor most trying to the air-passages. Thus during the salting season, every pedestrian in the large cities is sure to have wet feet, and to breathe an atmosphere as irritating to the throat as the fumes of poisonous fluid or noxious gases. Why should we look any further for the causes of the throat epidemics which are ravaging the country?

Salting the streets is, we believe, contrary to law. Yet the omnibus proprietors continue to scatter their salt as though the laws were waste paper, and human lives of no account in comparison with sixpences.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

For Harper's Weekly.

At a meeting of ladies—the wives, sisters, and daughters of Masons in attendance upon the National Masonic Convention at Chicago—in September, 1859, in the ladies' parlor of the Richmond House, on the 14th of that month, it was resolved to form a society to raise funds for the completion of the Washington Monument, now in progress of erection in the city of Washington. The following States—Connecticut, New York, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, Mississippi, South Carolina, Michigan, and Illinois—were represented.

A constitution for the government of the society, and an address to the people of the United States was adopted, and Mrs. Finlay M. King, of Port Byron, New York, was chosen President, and Mrs. Anna M. Cosby, of Washington City, Secretary.

The names of the Vice-Presidents for the different States of the Union will be furnished for publication when the list is completed, and answers have been received to all the letters of appointment to that office.

The Constitution, Address, and By-laws are in the possession of the Secretary for publication and distribution, as soon as the preliminary arrangements for a complete organization in the several States of the Union are concluded, which, it is confidently believed, will be in a very short time.

Mrs. Anna M. Cosby,
Secretary of the Ladies' Washington National Monument Society.

THE LOUNGER.

EDITORIAL.

The trials of a magazine editor have not been sufficiently considered by the public. But they are very many and severe; the chief of all being the necessity of refusing the contributions of his friends. Often enough he may unjustly refuse them. Man is mortal, and editors are but men. But the secret of such a refusal is his friendship; for the editor suspects himself of partiality, and the sonnet that would be a good enough sonnet if it were Jones's, unknown to the editor, is condemned because it is Jenkins's, his bosom friend.

Besides, let all friends of the editor consider what his position really is. He is a captain of a ship, which he sails not for his own pleasure, but for the profit of the owners and his own honor and emolument. He can not give away passages. He can not stop and have a spree at the Azores when he is heading for Ceylon. He may infinitely prefer to please his friend by taking a glass, but it is understood that while he commands he shall not drink. The editor is that captain. He is sailing a ship which belongs to other people, and his port is public favor. It is his duty to make the most prosperous voyage—that is, the best and most salable magazine he can; of course, if he can not do it without prostitution of his mind or character, he will throw up his command. But it is no prostitution of his power, it is only a pain to his feelings, to say, "Friend, I can not take you, for I have no right to indulge my private partiality at the expense of the concern. I would willingly lose, to gratify my friendship, but I have no right to make other people lose for my gratification."

Apollidorus sends his last poem in ten mortal cantos; "good for ten months," he says kindly in his note. It is not very good. It would sink the magazine. What shall the editor do? What can he do? What ought he to do?

Now if he does it, how hardly Apollidorus will feel toward that editor! How he will criticise the poetry that does appear! How grieved and hurt and mortified he will be! Oh, sweetly singing Apollidorus, the editor is not there to please himself altogether, nor you, but the average public taste. He knows what ought to go into the magazine, because he knows what people like; *his* people, the readers of his magazine. Perhaps he may think they ought to like your poetry. Undoubtedly the world owes you as much as that. But if it won't pay? That is always the rub. If people won't like your poetry, and won't pay for it, and think it a bore, and swear at it (for the world is dreadfully profane with poetry it does not like), why should you make the editor your scape-grace? Do you suppose he has not vexation of soul enough already?

Remember that every month, or every week, he has to prepare a feast, the same yet different. He must have articles neither too short nor too long, nor too monotonous, nor too much "to be continued." He must have poetry, and humor, and pathos, and love, and adventure. And he must have all these in such combinations, and of such quality, as he can not explain nor describe, but which he recognizes instinctively. The only answer he can make is, "Respectfully declined." If you insist upon knowing why, he can merely reply, "Because it is not *magazinish*." If you say, "I don't know what that is." He must answer, "I do." And that must settle it. And if you are the poet and the gentleman he believes you to be, you will not scowl, and say that really you had supposed your poetry was as good as what is generally published, but you will shake his hand heartily, and say, "Never mind, my dear fellow, I forgive, pity, and thank you."

THE ARCTIC PROBLEM.

Captain M'Clintock's book, Captain Osborne's articles in *Once a Week*, a paper by an Arctic officer in the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and a brief and luminous resumé of the history of Arctic adventure from the earliest times in *Harper's Monthly* for March, bring down the records of polar exploration to the latest moment—the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his ships and some of his men. Dr. Hayes, who is well known as the companion of Kane in his last voyage, has also just issued a narrative of an over-ice journey to communicate with a civilized settlement in Greenland; and the Doctor proposes to head another expedition to complete surveys, and, if possible, discover what yet remains to a full knowledge of the fate of the Franklin expedition; perhaps also—who knows?—to sail into the Polar Sea, where Kane and his companions fancied the ships of Franklin might yet be drifting.

The fascination of such a search and of the Arctic life in general, has been manifested during the last hundred years, especially, by the incessant departure of ships for the North, and by the wild, eager interest with which the world hangs upon the story of the voyage. The expeditions of Parry and Ross, of Bach and Franklin and Richardson—the detail of strange life among the strange northern people—the description of the irresistible might of inchoate nature, so to speak, have a charm like that of the "Arabian Nights." Who was ever tired of it? It is the very reverse of fairy land, and yet as interesting. Of late years we have had no man who was so popularly a hero as Dr. Kane. One evening, after his first voyage, when he lectured in the old Tabernacle, the building was crowded by a throng who stared at him with curious wonder, as if he had been the Calif Haroun al Raschid.

And yet to how many—certainly to the Lounger who writes these lines—the whole Arctic world was confused as that same fairy land, or the England of Arthur. There were certain names that had a kind of clear, polar music in them, but no meaning of locality. "Lancaster Sound," "Prince Regent's Inlet," "King William's Land," "Melville Bay," were names as familiar as Camelot and Caerleon, but as exquisitely vague. Somehow M'Clintock's book has cleared them up, and given them a permanent place in memory as they have a fixed one upon the map. Undoubtedly it is not because the other writers are not clear enough if you study them with a map, but that for the first time the Lounger read carefully with the map before him. The style of M'Clintock also is so simple and clear that the dullest of Loungers can easily follow him, and rise with a perfectly lucid idea of the situation of Franklin's party when their ships were finally lost and their fatal retreat began. How gladly one thinks that the untiring heart of a woman secured the knowledge of the explorer's fate! Captain M'Clintock, indeed, the loyal friend both of Lady Franklin and her husband, declares, and Sir Roderick Murchison confirms it in his preface, that Franklin was really the discoverer of the Northwest Passage, and that had he only taken a course to the east instead of the west of King William's Land, he might have sailed through into Behring's Straits; for there was no land, there was only ice between the spot in which the *Erebus* and *Terror* were lost, and a point which had been reached by ships from the west.

If he were a discoverer, then, he was an unconscious one. Nor is it an effort in which success is essential to fame. The great moral of the Arctic exploration is this, that as man was sent into the world to replenish and subdue it, so there is no obstacle that he will not overcome in subduing it.

SPIRITS.

The Rev. Mr. Harris, who has been long what is called a "Spiritualist," is reported to have recently deserted that body of believers, or rather to have declared that he has no faith in the goodness or intelligence of such spirits as he has been in the habit of dealing with.

Now there seems to be no reason for calling those whose faith in spiritual things would seem to rest upon gross material phenomena "Spiritualists." That name, certainly, one would say, should be reserved for those who believe without assistance from chairs or tables.

Yet every man must confess that a sneer or a shrug does not dispose of that singular testimony of the mystery of unseen things which lingers in tradition from age to age, and constantly reappears in literature. The work of Robert Dale Owen—"Footfalls on the Boundary of another World"—is the latest collection of this curious evidence, stated in a most admirable spirit. It has not the transparent credulity of old Increase Mather, in his "Remarkable Providences;" but it has one fault which should have been instinctively avoided in so judicious a work of the kind. There is no mention made of the incidents, equally remarkable with those he cites, which have been explained by purely natural and intelligible causes, thereby creating an analogical inference in regard to those which are not yet explained.

A few weeks since a party of Loungers were discussing this book and its class, when one of them read from old Mather's "Providences" the case of the Newburyport family who suffered so sadly from devilish interferences, until one day a sailor came from sea, and after witnessing the diabolical phenomena said that he thought, if he could have the care for a day of a young boy who dwelt in the afflicted family, there would be a cessation of the dreadful phenomena. So for a day he reasoned with Satan, hidden in the youth. In fact, he gave Satan a good deal better than he sent, in the shape of thwacks and flagellations, and the happy result was an end of the infernal antics. Mather tells the whole story as seriously as if it really were the devil, and not the boy, who had afflicted the family.

There is a vast collection of ghost stories, of traditions of supernatural appearance, of inexplicable sounds, etc., which can hardly be dismissed as old women's fables and nursery tales. No man can tell when, or how, or where we strike suddenly upon the line that separates the visible from the invisible, and what we call natural from the preternatural. The true distinction would be, usual and unusual. We make our human experiences the standard of nature, whereas nature is the divine method. But still, a faith in spiritual things which is developed or chiefly cultivated by the extraordinary phenomena, and not by the ordinary processes of nature, is likely to be as uncertain in duration as it is questionable in quality. Men differ in their susceptibility and organization; but a man who is persuaded of immortality by three knocks upon the floor, is certainly no more distinctively a "Spiritualist" than he who has never doubted it, and to whose mind the song of every bird and the beauty of every flower certifies it.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

"Collegian" writes enthusiastically of the young singer of whom the Lounger spoke several weeks since. "Collegian" is probably a Boston boy, for she has lately been in Boston. He says he wants first to know how to pronounce her name. "Dear Lounger," he writes, "spare me! Don't say that it rhymes with *fatty*, as all the people here make it." That, again, suggests a doubt whether he be from Boston, because the Italian language is probably pronounced in its purity in that city, and every Bostonian knows that the true pronunciation is Pah-tée.

Here in New York the managers call her in the cards "Miss Patti," because she is an American *prima donna*, you know. By the reverse operation of the same law, probably, that capital singer, Mr. Drayton, is Henri. It is a curious inquiry, from this point of view, whether he were baptized Henry or Henri. It doesn't make the difference of an iota either way; and yet there is a widely-diffused superstition to the contrary. Some years since there was an excellent lady who taught singing, and whose advertisements announced Madame Valentini. We have no reason to doubt that she is still living somewhere, and, we sincerely hope, prosperously; but we *should* like to know whether she is not called Mrs. Valentine. We have no reason to suppose so—except that of analogy.

Some years ago, also, there was a *début* of Mrs. Sutton. She had studied with— Well, with whom had she not studied? She had letters of compliment from— Well, from the most illustrious people. She came—she sang—it was evidently Mrs. Sutton; you saw it at a glance—she did not conquer exactly; and then every body said, "Tut! tut! what a pity! If she had only thought to call herself something ending with a vowel! Dear me! dear me! it is always that unlucky final consonant that chokes, as it were, the success of all singers who are not born Italians!"

Now a great deal more than its just value is attached to that final consonant, as we have sometimes hinted. In the present case little Patti is successful because every body recognizes the sweet voice, the admirable method, the *naiveté* of youth. If she had a poor voice, or sang badly, or was personally uninteresting, all the vowels in the alphabet would not save her. And when managers have discovered that what is wanted is not a long sensation advertisement but sweet singing, we shall have an Opera; but not until then.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—W. D. C. Your poem will appear in the *Weekly*.

—M. L. C. P. The "Serf's Bride" is respectfully declined.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A somewhat verdant-looking individual called upon a jeweler in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for the few past years, some seventy-five dollars, that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster; and he had concluded to take some of his stock and peddle it out. The jeweler selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new peddler started on his first trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweler one day asked him how much profit he obtained on what he sold.

"Well, I put on 'bout 5 per cent."

The jeweler thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much.

"Well," says the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your *per cent.*; but an article for which *I pay you one dollar I gen'rally sell for five.*"

A new "station" has lately been established in a neighboring town on the Troy and Boston Railroad, and a worthy son of Erin appointed as agent, with instructions to hang out the red flag whenever there were passengers awaiting the train. As the cars came through next morning the engineer saw the flag out, and stopped. The conductor looking out for passengers, and seeing no one but the agent, asked him if there were any passengers to get on, when he answered with an honest "No."

"Then why did you stop the train?" said the conductor.

"Why," exclaimed the agent, "I thought somebody might want to get off!"

That agent was immediately promoted to a professorship on a gravel train.

Two sons of green Erin were standing by a hydraulic press superintended by a friend of mine, when one called to the other:

"Jim, I'd like to put ye under and squaze the *divil* out o' ye."

"Would ye, indade, my boy?" was the answer. "Squaze the divil out of *you* an' there'd be *nothin' left!*"

I remember asking an irreverent brother of mine some years since to investigate a certain soiled spot on my vest. After rubbing it, and smelling it, and examining it in all lights, he had the impudence to conclude—"Well, I declare, Buck, I believe it's a *clean spot!*"

"I'll give that fellow a piece of my mind!" exclaimed a certain young lady in New York a while ago.

"I wouldn't," replied her uncle, "you've *none to spare.*"

A waggish citizen of Stonington, Connecticut, went into a Boston store some years since to buy a carpet. Finding one to his taste he asked the price.

"Two dollars and five cents."

"I'll take it at two dollars."

"No, I couldn't sell that carpet for two dollars and four cents."

"Oh! well, I won't chaffer."

Then after a random talk our citizen returned to the subject.

"I suppose you would sell on credit with good security?"

"Certainly."

"Six months?"

"Yes."

Then another random talk, and the subject came up again.

"Of course you make the usual discount if one takes up his paper at once?"

"Of course."

"Well, then figure up my discount and I'll take the goods."

Shopkeeper (*after ciphering a moment*). "Zounds! I'm selling my carpet for two dollars after all!"

The clerks roared.

"An old gentleman, long a resident of this city," writes a Western correspondent, "though now gone to 'that bourne from whence no traveler returns,' was noted for his dry humor, and soft, easy manner of expressing himself. One fall, a year or so ago, he purchased a barrel of what purported to be cider, though really so diluted as hardly to taste like that beverage. The old gentleman remarked that the cider was *well* watered, which report in due time came to the ears of the seller. He waxed very wroth, and, on meeting his customer, said:

"Mr. A——, I understood you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it?"

"No, no," was the reply, "I only said you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

Did the horseman who "scoured the plain" use soap?

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business?—When he's giving a swimming lesson.

The young man who pays his addresses to dumb belles is in no danger of being discarded.

There is a man at Totness who walks so slow that they say he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his heels.

Punctuality.—Dr. Kitchener, whose name fully bore out his devotion to the culinary art, piqued himself upon his punctuality, and was in the habit of having the following motto written over his sideboard: "Come at seven, go at eleven." Theodore Hook, who always liked to get into what are called the short hours, added the word "it" to the above, and great was the surprise of the worthy doctor, when he found that, by the alteration, the notice read as follows: "Come at seven, and go it at eleven."

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good."—"No, my child, you must not be good for *pay*—you ought to be *good for nothing*."

At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, Spades will always win."

"Do you sing?" says the tea-pot to the kettle. "Yes," replies the kettle, "I can manage to get over a few bars."—"Bah!" exclaimed the tea-pot.

"Stop that abominable noise," said a commanding officer to a trumpeter in the midst of a battle; "we can stand *fire*, but we can't stand that *air*."

The fellow who took offense has not yet returned it.

The man who checked his rage covered it with gingham.

The boy who crept on a pace subsequently walked on a plank.

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been engaged to curl the locks of a canal.

Rough language is bad in youth; when used by old people it is bad-in-age.

Two passengers were conversing in a railway carriage. Said one to the other, "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville?'" "No," replied the latter, "I always shave myself."

A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "Lay with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

An Affectionate Building.—In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "It embraces about sixty rooms."

An Irish paper says that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo was Major O'Brien, *afterward* Mayor of Dublin.

The men who are willing "to die for an idea" would be much better employed in living for a reality.

We suppose that the man who, in the hour of danger, turns pale and makes his escape, may be said to come off with flying colors.

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the sheriff to the judge.—"Why, I suppose, Sir, that you can get enough panels *out of doors*."

A man in Shropshire has invented a machine to make humble-pie. It is driven by the force of circumstances.

How many sides has a round plum-pudding? Two—inside and outside.

The young woman who was "driven to distraction" now fears that she will have to walk back.

An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse and thus addressed the congregation: "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am now just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

A couple of Austrian travelers stopping at the Hôtel Française, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and amused by noticing on the bill of fare, "Eggs on horseback." Determined to know what it meant, they called for the equestrian dish, when it was steak with two eggs on top.

General Zaremba had a very long Polish name. The king having heard of it, one day asked him, good-humoredly, "Pray, Zaremba, what is your name?" The General repeated to him immediately the whole name. "Why," said the king, "Old Nick himself never had such a name."

"I should presume not, Sire," replied the General, "as he was no relation of mine."

The Duke of Wellington was once refused admission into the commander-in-chief's office by a soldier new to London; while Queen Victoria's predecessor, William the Fourth, was kept waiting outside a certain part of Windsor Castle through an official's ignorance of the royal identity. "You can't pass, old 'un," said he; "nobody's allowed to pass here after dark except the king and the lamplighter."

An Englishman dining in a Chinese village was greatly enjoying a savory dish, and would have expressed his pleasure to the waiter, who, however, understood nothing of English, nor could our friend utter a word of Chinese. The smacking of lips indicated satisfaction; and then came the question, ingeniously put. Pointing at the portion of meat in the dish, and which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman, with an inquiring look, said, "Quack, quack, quack?" The waiter, gravely shaking his head, as much as to say "No," replied, "Bow, wow, wow!"

The other day my friend Joe Brown,
  A very worthy fellow,
Returning from our market-town
  Without his silk umbrella,
Was overtaken by a storm
  So heavy, 'twas not strange
That when he reach'd his quiet home
  He did his clothing change.

Now why was he while doing so
  Just like a joint of meat
Which, underdone, is being cook'd
  Again—made fit to eat?
If you the answer find to this
  We'll call you good at guessing;
But, lest we should be deem'd remiss,
  'Tis here—he was *redressing*.

"How to Raise the Wind."—A number of drouthy neebours (says the *Teviotdale Record*) having drunk themselves completely dry, and unwilling that their "boose" should soon come to an end, set their brains asteep how to "raise the wind." After some consideration one of them, with characteristic shrewdness and a great amount of originality, at length exclaimed, "I have it; bring a sack." While the sack was being sought for all eyes were fixed upon him. The sack was brought, and he immediately set about getting into it. After some bustling and rumbling about the floor, with a little assistance, he was got up to the neck in it. This done, he, poking out his head, gave the following orders, "Now, I'll be the banes, and ye'll sell me for as much as ye can get." A wink was as good as a nod, and he was accordingly tied up and wheeled off to the bone-buyer, who, after weighing and a little chaffering, bought his sackful of (live) banes for three-and-sixpence.

Our Vivid Viscount.—Viscount Williams uttered one of his best things in a debate on Supply the other night. In reference to retiring pensions, he said he had observed that "when persons retired from ill health they usually lived a good many years." "Of course they do, Williams," said Mr. Tom Duncombe. "If they *retire from* ill health, they necessarily approach good health." The Viscount could not see this for a very long time, but at last dimly apprehending Thomas's meaning, he said it was "a subtlety worthy of Ignoramus Loyalist, who invented Jesuits."

Share and Share Alike.—A certain king of Spain had promised to bestow relief upon the people of the country round Burgos, who had been ruined by war. They flocked to the palace, but the door-keepers would not let them in except on condition of having half of what they should get. Having consented to this, the countrymen entered the royal hall, where their leader knelt at the monarch's feet, and said, "I beseech your Majesty to command that every one of us here shall receive a hundred lashes." "An odd petition truly," said the king; "why do you ask for such a thing?" "Because," said the peasant, "your Majesty's Chamberlain and the door-keepers insist on having half of whatever you give us."

A Californian paper tells of a hunter who killed nine thousand snipes at four shots, and the air was full of falling birds for several days, not to speak of the great number of cripples hobbling about the ground. Munchausen couldn't do more.

THE "GREAT SEA-SERPENT" FOUND AT LAST.

We publish on the following page an engraving of the "Great Sea-Serpent," from a sketch kindly sent us from Bermuda, on the coast of which island it seems that this famous creature has at length made his first appearance on dry land.

It appears that on 22d January last two gentlemen, walking on the beach of Hungary Bay, heard a strange splashing in the water, and almost directly afterward saw "a huge sea-monster" stranded on the shore, and rapidly dying from exhaustion. It was bright and silvery in color, without scales, and, as appeared to them, about twenty feet long.

Of course so strange a visitor attracted a great deal of attention, and among others, a fellow of the Linnæan Society of London, Mr. Matthew Jones, who happened to be on the island, hastened to examine the serpent. His report is as follows:

"Order, Acanthopterygii; Family, Cepoladæ; Genus, Gymnetrus; Species, ——? Body, attenuate, compressed, naked, tuberculate; cuticle, a silvery covering of metallic lustre. Length, from facial to caudal extremities, sixteen feet seven inches. Depth, at fourteen inches from facial extremity, nine inches, and increasing gradually to near the ventral extremity of the stomach, when it attained its greatest depth of eleven inches, and then decreased by degrees to the caudal termination. Width, at the same distance and through the spinal column, two and a half to three inches.

"These dimensions are in the extreme.

"From the frontal extremity of the caput (excepting a slight depression at the occiput) to the position at which the above dimensions of depth and width were taken, a gradual elevation of the dorsal ridge took place, and from the capital portion of this ridge arose, at equal distances from each other, a series of ten or eleven erect, quill-like, flexible filaments, from two to three feet in extent, gradually tapering from base to apex, and possessing, in the case of the three longest, lanceolate points. These capital filaments were, with the exception of the three anterior ones, unconnected by membrane. From this series of lengthened filaments, all along the back, from head to tail, extended a series of intermittent fins, so closely situate to each other as to present the appearance of a single fin, and having the spinose rays of each individual fin joined by the connecting membrane. The ventral fins were entirely destroyed, save a portion of the *right* ventral, which is sufficient to show that it was composed of two consistent bony rays, which probably extended some distance from the body, and must have formed a powerful engine of direction. The pectorals were also almost entirely destroyed, although the base of the *right* pectoral was sufficiently complete to enable me to state that it contained twelve spines. Anal and caudal fins absent.

"Head, truncated, compressed; facial outline of a dark color.

"Mouth, so damaged as not to be positively determinable as regards form and appearance; but from the portions of jaw still remaining, I should pronounce it malacostomous.

"Eyes, fourteen lines in diameter, slightly depressed. Irides, three and a half lines in width, of a bright silver, encircling pupils of a somewhat oval shape, and, in color, a light transparent blue.

"Stomach. Intestinal chamber extending from beneath the gills to the anal extremity, five feet. Unfortunately this chamber had been opened and its contents partially injured before I saw the specimen; but a large proportion of milt, intestine, etc., has been preserved, including the major portion of the swimming bladder, which for so large a fish may be considered small. Its color, a bright scarlet. This swimming bladder contained a large amount of oily matter, and a piece thrown on the ruffled surface of the water immediately stilled the agitation.

"Gill rays, eight in number, four to a side, crimson, flabellate; the anterior pairs furnished with double rows of flabels, having the internals white, and armed on their inner sides with minute dark-like appendages.

"Gill covers, bony, radiate; not entirely covering the gills.

"Teeth. No appearance of any.

"In concluding the above description I must not omit to state that it was a male fish, and from the extremely fragile nature of its various parts I may venture to express an opinion that it had by no means attained maturity. I may also remark that my measurements were taken twenty-two hours after death, during which time it had lain exposed on the rocky shore."

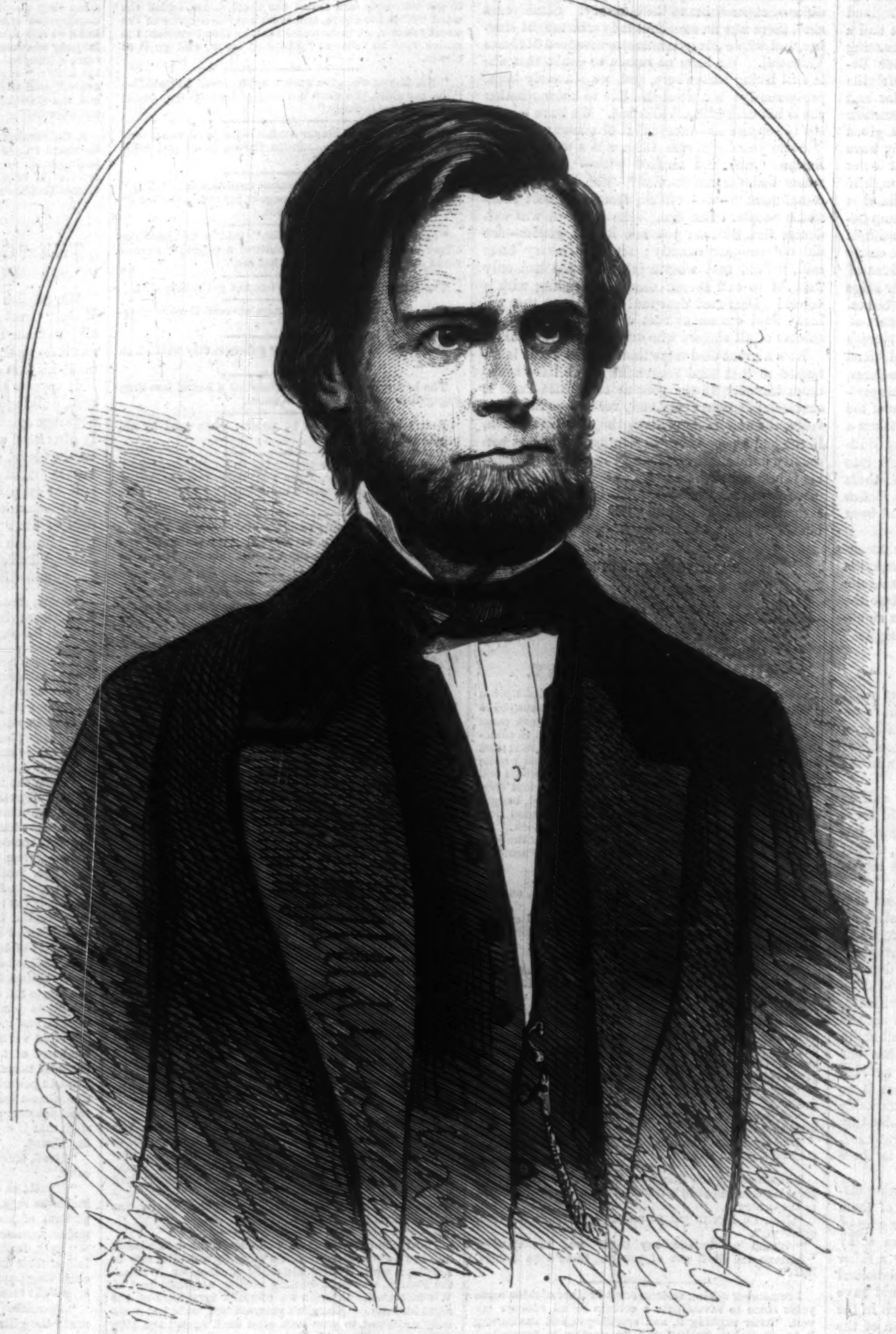
Mr. Jones adds:

"The most notable fact, in connection with the capture of the present specimen, will doubtless be the interest and attraction it will produce in the scientific world, for most assuredly we have in the specimen now before us many of the peculiarities, save size, with which the appearance of that hitherto apochryphal monster, the Great Sea-Serpent, as detailed by navigators, is invested. The lengthened filaments crowning the caput, joined anteriorly by the connecting membrane, and extending to the shoulders, would, viewed from a vessel's deck, present to the spectator the mane so accurately described as a singular feature in the gigantic specimen seen by Captain M'Quhæ, R.N., and officers, of H. M. S. *Dædalus*. Then again, the rapidity with which that individual specimen moved through the water would coincide with the capabilities of a member of this genus; for the motive power produced by such an extent of tail, coupled with the extremely compressed form of body from the head throughout, must be immense.

"Here, then, we have a partial elucidation of the various statements which have at intervals appeared in the columns of the united presses of England and America, emanating from the pens of travelers, and usually headed 'Occurrence of the Great Sea-Serpent.'"

Most people will be inclined to concur with Mr. Jones in identifying this *Gymnetrus* with the sea-serpent. A serpent which, in infancy, was sixteen feet long, may well be supposed to attain any size at maturity.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN.



HON. JOHN SHERMAN, OF OHIO.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

Hon. John Sherman, a Representative in Congress from the thirteenth district of the State of Ohio, is descended from the Sherman family of Connecticut, which settled there in 1635. His great-grandfather, Taylor Sherman (a connection of Roger Sherman), was a leading member of the Committee of Safety in the struggle for Independence. His father, Charles Robert Sherman, was one of the first emigrants from New England to Ohio, then called "The West," and he settled at Lancaster in the year 1810. After having for some years practiced law with success, he was elevated to the bench, and died in 1829, while presiding as a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was universally respected throughout the State as a pure and upright citizen, an able lawyer, and a sound and incorruptible jurist.

John Sherman, born on the 10th of May, 1823, at Lancaster, Ohio, was left at the death of his father one of a large family, with but slender means of support. After attending the public schools and academies in Lancaster and in Mount Vernon Counties until he was fifteen years of age, he joined a party of civil engineers, then engaged on that branch of the public works of the State of Ohio known as the "Muskingum Improvement." He was attached for two years to this party, which was under the command of Hon. S. R. Curtis, an ex-officer of the army, who has since distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and is now Mr. Sherman's colleague as a Representative from the State of Iowa.

In 1840 Mr. Sherman entered the office of Judge Parker, at Mansfield (his present residence), as a student of law; and so diligently did he apply himself, that he was admitted to the bar the day he was at legal age, in 1844. He soon after entered into partnership with his brother, C. T. Sherman, Esq., who enjoyed a high reputation as a commercial lawyer, and at once took a prominent position at the bar. While his brother counseled clients and attended to the office business, he appeared in court.

The region of country in which Mr. Sherman resides was principally settled by Pennsylvanians, strongly attached to Democratic principles. An enthusiastic Whig himself, he was thus virtually disqualified for the receipt of any elective office; nor was he a candidate until the caucus which resulted in his election to Congress. He was, however, chosen as the Whig delegate to the National Convention of '48, at Philadelphia, where he supported General Scott; but after the nomination of General Taylor zealously engaged in securing his election. In '52 he was appointed (with the Hon. S. F. Vinton) a Senatorial delegate to the Whig National Convention at Baltimore, where he had the satisfaction of seeing General Scott nominated. Neither was it his fault that the old hero was not elected, for he was an active participant in the campaign.

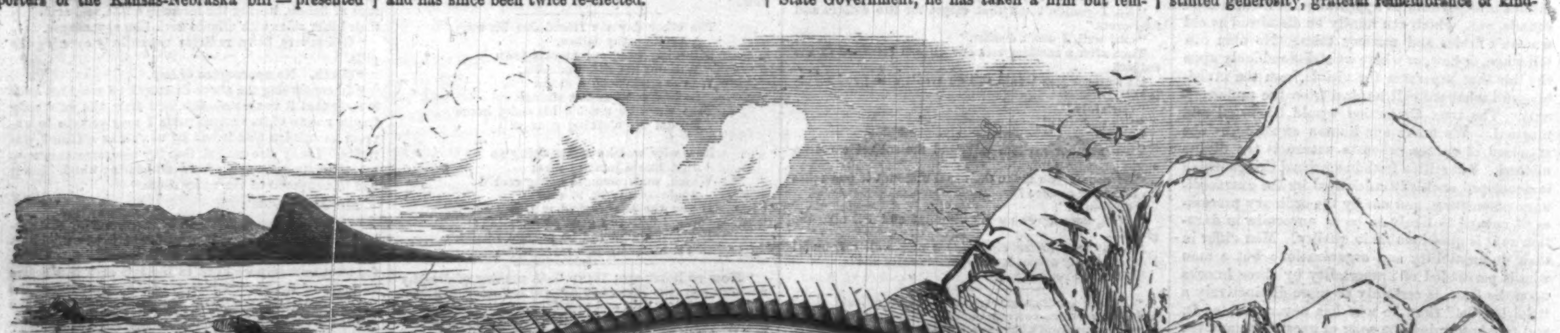
After the political agitation produced by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854, two ex-Members of Congress—both Democrats, and supporters of the Kansas-Nebraska bill — presented themselves as candidates for Congress in the Mansfield District. A Convention of Whigs, Democrats, and others opposed to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, was called, and at its meeting Mr. Sherman was unanimously nominated. The contest was a warm one, but he was elected by about 3000 majority, and has since been twice re-elected.

As a member of the Kansas Investigating Committee Mr. Sherman wrote an elaborate and able report, which was adopted as a standard authority by his political friends, and was denounced by their opponents. In this report, as in his speeches on the subsequent endeavors to give Kansas a State Government, he has taken a firm but temperate stand. "I trust," said he, in debate, "that the same sense of fraternal kindness that guided our fathers in their Revolutionary struggle; that smoothed many difficulties in the formation of this government; and, more potent than all else, that the guiding hand of Divine Providence may save our beloved country from the shock of civil strife or civil revolution."—"Let us not war with each other; but, with the grasp of fellowship and friendship, regarding to the full each other's rights, and kind to each other's faults, let us go hand in hand in securing to every portion of our people their constitutional rights."

Mr. Sherman has acquitted himself with great credit as a member of the Committees on Foreign Affairs and on Naval Affairs, in which latter capacity he interposed an able and conclusive defense of the course of Commodore Paulding at San Juan. During the last session of Congress he was distinguished for his opposition to extravagant expenditures; and as a member of a special committee of investigation into naval affairs, he exposed glaring abuses with merciless zeal. At the same time he has ever been willing to vote liberal appropriations for carrying on the operations of Government; and he urged the giving to the soldiers of the war of 1812 and the Indian wars the same honor and the same reward which a grateful country has extended to the Revolutionary patriots.

On the first ballot for Speaker of the present Congress, December 5, 1859, Mr. Sherman had 66 votes, Mr. Bocock 86, Mr. Grow 43, Mr. Boteler 14—the remainder were scattering. At the next balloting Mr. Sherman received 107; and afterward, with the aid of Anti-Lecompton Democrats, attained to within three votes of an election. Week after week he retained this position. Nor were his friends willing that he should withdraw, until it was ascertained that a pledged band of his opponents would resist, by parliamentary stratagems, the adoption of the plurality rule. At last, on the 30th of January, 1860, they reluctantly consented, and at the fortieth ballot Mr. Sherman gracefully withdrew from the protracted contest, during which he had been placed in a most trying position, yet had so deported himself as to command general respect.

Mr. Sherman is evidently not ambitious to be ranked among the oratorical appendages of the House. Politics are with him a reality, not a pastime; and when he rises to address the House it is because he desires to give utterance to his deliberately formed opinions on some question of importance. These opinions, which cover the whole ground of debate, he so states as to make their full force apparent. His delivery is unaffected, graceful, and forcible. His gestures are pleasing, and his ability as a debater is manifest when he is questioned or interrupted by his opponents. He is of fair complexion, with auburn hair and beard, blue eyes, and a pleasing expression. Happily married to a daughter of the late Judge Stewart, of Ohio, he enjoys the attractions of home and the social pleasures of refined society. His many friends assert that he possesses warm feelings, unstinted generosity, grateful remembrance of kind-



THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT, FOUND IN HUNGARY BAY, BERMUDA, ON JANUARY 22, 1860.—From a Sketch by W. D. Munro.—[See preceding Page.]

ness, and no disposition to revenge illiberal opposition, even when it has come from quarters where it was least to have been expected.

Mr. Sherman is now Chairman of the House Committee of Ways and Means, in which all legislation involving expenditure of money is matured. The labor is necessarily great, especially as the Chairman of the Committee is expected to sustain its action before the House, and must therefore be "posted up" on all the various departments of Government. It is believed that Mr. Sherman will have the Appropriation Bills in readiness for legislative action at an earlier period of the session than has been customary, and that the evils of hurried nocturnal legislation just prior to final adjournment will be avoided. He will thus sustain his reputation, and add to his already strong claims for high honors at the hands of the people.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 3.—Just as my hand was on the door of my room I heard Sir Percival's voice calling to me from below.

"I must beg you to come down stairs again," he said. "It is Fosco's fault, Miss Halcombe, not mine. He has started some nonsensical objection to his wife being one of the witnesses, and has obliged me to ask you to join us in the library."

I entered the room immediately with Sir Percival. Laura was waiting by the writing-table, twisting and turning her garden hat uneasily in her hands. Madame Fosco sat near her, in an arm-chair, imperturbably admiring her husband, who stood by himself at the other end of the library, picking off the dead leaves from the flowers in the window.

The moment I appeared the Count advanced to meet me, and to offer his explanations.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said. "You know the character which is given to my countrymen by the English? We Italians are all wily and suspicious by nature, in the estimation of the good John Bull. Set me down, if you please, as being no better than the rest of my race. I am a wily Italian, and a suspicious Italian. You have thought so yourself, dear lady, have you not? Well! it is part of my wiliness and part of my suspicion to object to Madame Fosco being a witness to Lady Glyde's signature, when I am also a witness myself."

"There is not the shadow of a reason for his objection," interposed Sir Percival. "I have explained to him that the law of England allows Madame Fosco to witness a signature as well as her husband."

"I admit it," resumed the Count. "The law of England says Yes—but the conscience of Fosco says No." He spread out his fat fingers on the bosom of his blouse, and bowed solemnly, as if he wished to introduce his conscience to us all, in the character of an illustrious addition to the society. "What this document which Lady Glyde is about to sign may be," he continued, "I neither know nor desire to know. I only say this: circumstances may happen in the future which may oblige Percival, or his representatives, to appeal to the two witnesses; in which case it is certainly desirable that those witnesses should represent two opinions which are perfectly independent the one of the other. This can not be if my wife signs as well as myself, because we have but one opinion between us, and that opinion is mine. I will not have it cast in my teeth, at some future day, that Madame Fosco acted under my coercion, and was, in plain fact, no witness at all. I speak in Percival's interests when I propose that my name shall appear (as the nearest friend of the husband), and your name, Miss Halcombe (as the nearest friend of the wife). I am a Jesuit, if you please to think so—a splitter of straws—a man of trifles, and crotchets, and scruples—but you will humor me, I hope, in merciful consideration for my suspicious Italian character, and my uneasy Italian conscience." He bowed again, stepped back a few paces, and withdrew his conscience from our society as politely as he had introduced it.

The Count's scruples might have been honorable and reasonable enough, but there was something in his manner of expressing them which increased my unwillingness to be concerned in the business of the signature. No consideration of less importance than my consideration for Laura would have induced me to consent to be a witness at all. One look, however, at her anxious face decided me to risk any thing rather than desert her.

"I will readily remain in the room," I said. "And if I find no reason for starting any small scruples on my side you may rely on me as a witness."

Sir Percival looked at me sharply, as if he was about to say something. But at the same moment Madame Fosco attracted his attention by rising from her chair. She had caught her husband's eye, and had evidently received her orders to leave the room.

"You needn't go," said Sir Percival.

Madame Fosco looked for her orders again, got them again, said she would prefer leaving us to our business, and resolutely walked out. The Count lit a cigarette, went back to the flowers in the window, and puffed little jets of smoke at the leaves, in a state of the deepest anxiety about killing the insects.

Meanwhile, Sir Percival unlocked a cupboard beneath one of the book-cases, and produced from it a piece of parchment, folded, longwise, many times over. He placed it on the table, opened the last fold only, and kept his hand on the rest. The last fold displayed a strip of blank parchment, with little wafers stuck on it at certain places. Every line of the writing was hidden in the part which he still held folded up under his hand. Laura and I looked at each other. Her face was pale—but it showed no indecision and no fear.

Sir Percival dipped a pen in ink, and handed it to his wife.

"Sign your name there," he said, pointing to the place. "You and Fosco are to sign afterward, Miss Halcombe, opposite those two wafers. Come here, Fosco! witnessing a signature is not to be done by mooning out of window and smoking into the flowers."

The Count threw away his cigarette, and joined us at the table, with his hands carelessly thrust into the scarlet belt of his blouse, and his eyes steadily fixed on Sir Percival's face. Laura, who was on the other side of her husband, with the pen in her hand, looked at him too. He stood between them, holding the folded parchment down firmly on the table, and glancing across at me, as I sat opposite to him, with such a sinister mixture of suspicion and embarrassment in his face, that he looked more like a prisoner at the bar than a gentleman in his own house.

"Sign there!" he repeated, turning suddenly on Laura, and pointing once more to the place on the parchment.

"What is it I am to sign?" she asked, quietly.

"I have no time to explain," he answered. "The dog-cart is at the door, and I must go directly. Besides, if I had time, you wouldn't understand. It is a purely formal document—full of legal technicalities, and all that sort of thing. Come! come! sign your name, and let us have done as soon as possible."

"I ought surely to know what I am signing, Sir Percival, before I write my name?"

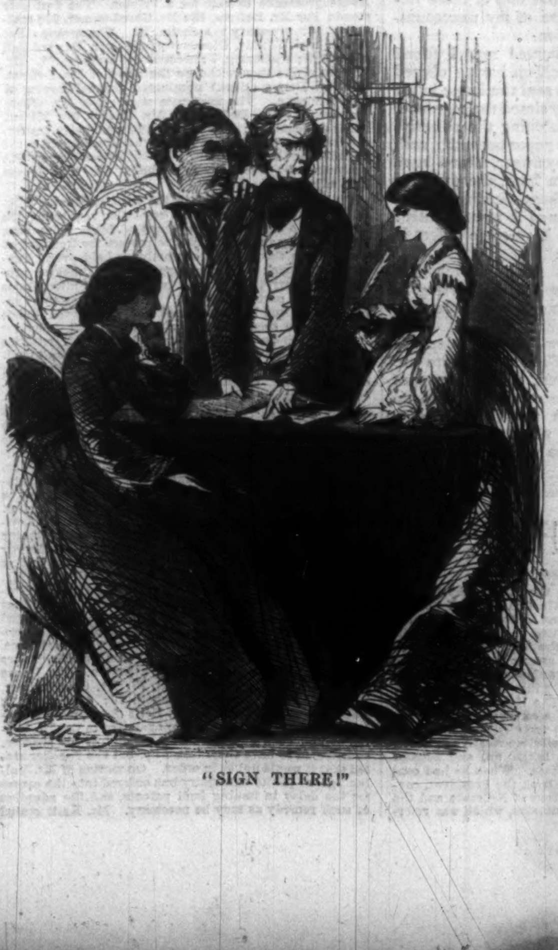
"Nonsense!—What have women to do with business? I tell you again, you can't understand it."

"At any rate, let me try to understand it. Whenever Mr. Gilmore had any business for me to do, he always explained it first; and I always understood him."

"I dare say he did. He was your servant, and was obliged to explain. I am your husband, and am *not* obliged. How much longer do you mean to keep me here? I tell you again, there is no time for reading any thing: the dog-cart is waiting at the door. Once for all, will you sign, or will you not?"

She still had the pen in her hand, but she made no approach to signing her name with it.

"If my signature pledges me to any thing," she said, "surely I have some claim to know what that pledge is?"



"SIGN THERE!"

He lifted up the parchment, and struck it angrily on the table.

"Speak out!" he said. "You were always famous for telling the truth. Never mind Miss Halcombe; never mind Fosco—say, in plain terms, you distrust me."

The Count took one of his hands out of his belt, and laid it on Sir Percival's shoulder. Sir Percival shook it off irritably. The Count put it on again with unruffled composure.

"Control your unfortunate temper, Percival," he said. "Lady Glyde is right."

"Right!" cried Sir Percival. "A wife right in distrusting her husband!"

"It is unjust and cruel to accuse me of distrusting you," said Laura. "Ask Marian if I am not justified in wanting to know what this writing requires of me before I sign it?"

"I won't have any appeals made to Miss Halcombe," retorted Sir Percival. "Miss Halcombe has nothing to do with the matter."

I had not spoken hitherto, and I would much rather not have spoken now. But the expression of distress in Laura's face when she turned it toward me, and the insolent injustice of her husband's conduct, left me no other alternative than to give my opinion, for her sake, as soon as I was asked for it.

"Excuse me, Sir Percival," I said—"but, as one of the witnesses to the signature, I venture to think that I *have* something to do with the matter. Laura's objection seems to me to be a perfectly fair one; and, speaking for myself only, I can not assume the responsibility of witnessing her signature, unless she first understands what the writing is which you wish her to sign."

"A cool declaration, upon my soul!" cried Sir Percival. "The next time you invite yourself to a man's house, Miss Halcombe, I recommend you not to repay his hospitality by taking his wife's side against him in a matter that doesn't concern you."

I started to my feet as suddenly as if he had struck me. If I had been a man I would have knocked him down on the threshold of his own door, and have left his house, never, on any earthly consideration, to enter it again. But I was only a woman—and I loved his wife so dearly!

Thank God, that faithful love helped me, and I sat down again without saying a word. *She* knew what I had suffered and what I had suppressed. She ran round to me, with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh, Marian!" she whispered softly. "If my mother had been alive she could have done no more for me!"

"Come back and sign!" cried Sir Percival, from the other side of the table.

"Shall I?" she asked in my ear; "I will, if you tell me."

"No," I answered. "The right and the truth are with you—sign nothing, unless you have read it first."

"Come back and sign!" he reiterated, in his loudest and angriest tones.

The Count, who had watched Laura and me with a close and silent attention, interposed for the second time.

"Percival!" he said. "*I* remember that I am in the presence of ladies. Be good enough, if you please, to remember it too."

Sir Percival turned on him, speechless with passion. The Count's firm hand slowly tightened its grasp on his shoulder, and the Count's steady voice quietly repeated, "Be good enough, if you please, to remember it too."

They both looked at each other. Sir Percival slowly drew his shoulder from under the Count's hand; slowly turned his face away from the Count's eyes; doggedly looked down for a little while at the parchment on the table; and then spoke, with the sullen submission of a tamed animal rather than the becoming resignation of a convinced man.

"I don't want to offend any body," he said. "But my wife's obstinacy is enough to try the patience of a saint. I have told her this is merely a formal document—and what more can she want? You may say what you please; but it is no part of a woman's duty to set her husband at defiance. Once more, Lady Glyde, and for the last time, will you sign or will you not?"

Laura returned to his side of the table, and took up the pen again.

"I will sign with pleasure," she said, "if you will only treat me as a responsible being. I care little what sacrifice is required of me, if it will affect no one else, and lead to no ill results—"

"Who talked of a sacrifice being required of you?" he broke in, with a half-suppressed return of his former violence.

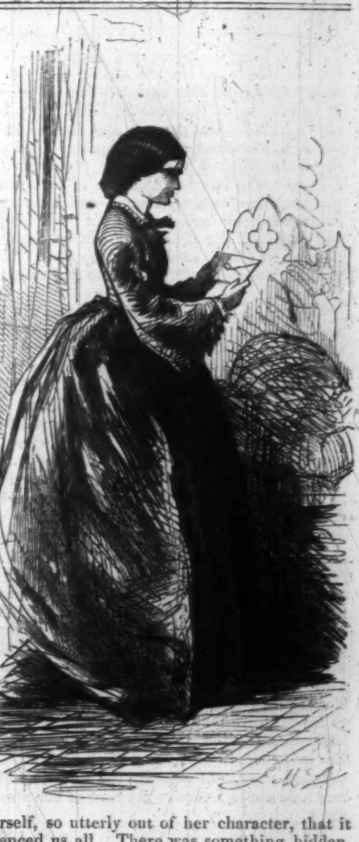
"I only meant," she resumed, "that I would refuse no concession which I could honorably make. If I have a scruple about signing my name to an engagement of which I know nothing, why should you visit it on me so severely? It is rather hard, I think, to treat Count Fosco's scruples so much more indulgently than you have treated mine."

This unfortunate, yet most natural, reference to the Count's extraordinary power over her husband, indirect as it was, set Sir Percival's smouldering temper on fire again in an instant.

"Scruples!" he repeated. "*Your* scruples! It is rather late in the day for you to be scrupulous. I should have thought you had got over all weakness of that sort when you made a virtue of necessity by marrying *me*."

The instant he spoke those words Laura threw down the pen—looked at him with an expression in her eyes which, throughout all my experience of her, I had never seen in them before—and turned her back on him in dead silence.

This strong expression of the most open and the most bitter contempt was so entirely unlike herself, so utterly out of her character, that it silenced us all. There was something hidden, beyond a doubt, under the mere surface-brutality of the words which her husband had just addressed to her. There was some lurking insult beneath them, of which I was wholly ignorant, but which had left the mark of its profanation so plainly on her face that even a stranger might have seen it.



The Count, who was no stranger, saw it as distinctly as I did. When I left my chair to join Laura I heard him whisper under his breath to Sir Percival: "You idiot!"

Laura walked before me to the door as I advanced, and at the same time her husband spoke to her once more.

"You positively refuse, then, to give me your signature?" he said, in the altered tone of a man who was conscious that he had let his own license of language seriously injure him.

"After what you have said to me," she replied, firmly, "I refuse my signature until I have read every line in that parchment from the first word to the last. Come away, Marian, we have remained here long enough."

"One moment!" interposed the Count, before Sir Percival could speak again—"one moment, Lady Glyde, I implore you!"

Laura would have left the room without noticing him, but I stopped her.

"Don't make an enemy of the Count!" I whispered. "Whatever you do, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

She yielded to me. I closed the door again; and we stood near it, waiting. Sir Percival sat down at the table, with his elbow on the folded parchment, and his head resting on his clenched fist. The Count stood between us—master of the dreadful position in which we were placed, as he was master of every thing else.

"Lady Glyde," he said, with a gentleness which seemed to address itself to our forlorn situation instead of to ourselves, "pray pardon me if I venture to offer one suggestion; and pray believe that I speak out of my profound respect and my friendly regard for the mistress of this house." He turned sharply toward Sir Percival. "Is it absolutely necessary," he asked, "that this thing here, under your elbow, should be signed to-day?"

"It is necessary to my plans and wishes," replied the other, sulkily. "But that consideration, as you may have noticed, has no influence with Lady Glyde."

"Answer my plain question plainly. Can the business of the signature be put off till to-morrow—Yes, or No?"

"Yes—if you will have it so."

"Then what are you wasting your time for here? Let the signature wait till to-morrow—let it wait till you come back."

Sir Percival looked up with a frown and an oath.

"You are taking a tone with me that I don't like," he said. "A tone I won't bear from any man."

"I am advising you for your good," returned the Count, with a smile of quiet contempt. "Give yourself time; give Lady Glyde time. Have you forgotten that your dog-cart is waiting at the door? My tone surprises you, ha? I dare say it does; it is the tone of a man who can keep his temper. How many doses of good advice have I given you in my time? More than you can count. Have I ever been wrong? I defy you to quote me an instance of it. Go! take your drive. The matter of the signature can wait till to-morrow. Let it wait; and renew it when you come back."

Sir Percival hesitated and looked at his watch. His anxiety about the secret journey which he was to take that day, revived by the Count's words, was now evidently disputing possession of his mind with his anxiety to obtain Laura's signature. He considered for a little while, and then got up from his chair.

"It is easy to argue me down," he said, "when I have no time to answer you. I will take your advice, Fosco—not because I want it, or believe in it, but because I can't stop here any longer." He paused, and looked round darkly at his wife. "If you don't give me your signature when I come back to-morrow—!" The rest was lost in the noise of his opening the book-case cupboard again and locking up the parchment once more. He took his hat and gloves off the table and made for the door. Laura and I drew back to let him pass. "Remember to-morrow!" he said to his wife, and went out.

We waited to give him time to cross the hall and drive away. The Count approached us while we were standing near the door.

"You have just seen Percival at his worst, Miss Halcombe," he said. "As his old friend, I am sorry for him and ashamed of him. As his old friend, I promise you that he shall not break out to-morrow in the same disgraceful manner in which he has broken out to-day."

Laura had taken my arm while he was speaking, and she pressed it significantly when he had done. It would have been a hard trial to any woman to stand by and see the office of apologist for her husband's misconduct quietly assumed by his male friend in her own house; and it was a hard trial to *her*. I thanked the Count civilly, and led her out. Yes! I thanked him: for I felt already, with a sense of inexpressible helplessness and humiliation, that it was either his interest or his caprice to make sure of my continuing to reside at Blackwater Park; and I knew, after Sir Percival's conduct to me that, without the support of the Count's influence, I could not hope to remain there. His influence, the influence of all others that I dreaded most, was actually the one tie which now held me to Laura in the hour of her utmost need!

We heard the wheels of the dog-cart crashing on the gravel of the drive as we came out into the hall. Sir Percival had started on his journey.

"Where is he going to, Marian?" Laura whispered. "Every fresh thing he does seems to terrify me about the future. Have you any suspicions?"

After what she had undergone that morning, I was unwilling to tell her my suspicions.

"How should I know his secrets?" I said, evasively.

"I wonder if the housekeeper knows?" she persisted.

"Certainly not," I replied. "She must be quite as ignorant as we are."

Laura shook her head doubtfully.

"Did you not hear from the housekeeper that there was a report of Anne Catherick having been seen in this neighborhood? Don't you think he may have gone away to look for her?"

"I would rather compose myself, Laura, by not thinking about it at all; and after what has happened, you had better follow my example. Come into my room and rest and quiet yourself a little."

We sat down together close to the window, and let the fragrant summer air breathe over our faces.

"I am ashamed to look at you, Marian," she said, "after what you submitted to down stairs, for my sake. Oh, my own love, I am almost heart-broken when I think of it! But I will try to make it up to you—I will indeed!"

"Hush! hush!" I replied; "don't talk so. What is the trifling mortification of my pride compared to the dreadful sacrifice of your happiness?"

"You heard what he said to me?" she went on, quickly and vehemently. "You heard the words—but you don't know what they meant—you don't know why I threw down the pen and turned my back on him." She rose in sudden agitation, and walked about the room. "I have kept many things from your knowledge, Marian, for fear of distressing you, and making you unhappy at the outset of our new lives. You don't know how he has used me. And yet, you ought to know, for you saw how he used me to-day. You heard him sneer at my presuming to be scrupulous; you heard him say I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him." She sat down again; her face flushed deeply, and her hands twisted and twined together in her lap. "I can't tell you about it now," she said; "I shall burst out crying if I tell you now—later, Marian, when I am more sure of myself. My poor head aches, darling—aches, aches, aches. Where is your smelling-bottle? Let me talk to you about yourself. I wish I had given him my signature, for your sake. Shall I give it to him to-morrow? I would rather compromise myself than compromise you. After your taking my part against him, he will lay all the blame on you if I refuse again. What shall we do? Oh for a friend to help us and advise us!—a friend we could really trust!"

She sighed bitterly. I saw in her face that she was thinking of Hartright—saw it the more plainly because her last words had set me thinking of him too. In six months only from her marriage we wanted the faithful service he had offered to us in his farewell words. How little I once thought that we should ever want it at all!

"We must do what we can to help ourselves," I said. "Let us try to talk it over calmly, Laura—let us do all in our power to decide for the best."

Putting what she knew of her husband's embarrassments, and what I had heard of his conversation with the lawyer, together, we arrived necessarily at the conclusion that the parchment in the library had been drawn up for the purpose of borrowing money, and that Laura's signature was absolutely necessary to fit it for the attainment of Sir Percival's object.

The second question, concerning the nature of the legal contract by which the money was to be obtained, and the degree of personal responsibility to which Laura might subject herself if she signed it in the dark, involved considerations which lay far beyond any knowledge and experience that either of us possessed. My own convictions led me to believe that the hidden contents of the parchment concealed a transaction of the meanest and the most fraudulent kind.

I had not formed this conclusion in consequence of Sir Percival's refusal to show the writing, or to explain it; for that refusal might well have proceeded from his obstinate disposition and his domineering temper alone. My sole motive for distrusting his honesty, sprang from the change which I had observed in his language and his manners at Blackwater Park, a change which convinced me that he had been acting a part throughout the whole period of his probation at Limmeridge House. His elaborate delicacy; his ceremonious politeness, which harmonized so agreeably with Mr. Gilmore's old-fashioned notions; his modesty with Laura, his candor with me, his moderation with Mr. Fairlie—all these were the artifices of a mean, cunning, and brutal man, who had dropped his disguise when his practiced duplicity had gained its end, and had openly shown himself in the library on that very day. I say nothing of the grief which this discovery caused me on Laura's account, for it is not to be expressed by any words of mine. I only refer to it at all because it decided me to oppose her signing the parchment, whatever the consequences might be, unless she was first made acquainted with the contents.

Under these circumstances, the one chance for us, when to-morrow came, was to be provided with an objection to giving the signature, which might rest on sufficiently firm commercial or legal grounds to shake Sir Percival's resolution, and to make him suspect that we two women understood the laws and obligations of business as well as himself.

After some pondering, I determined to write to the only honest man within reach whom we could trust to help us discreetly in our forlorn situation. That man was Mr. Gilmore's partner—who conducted the business, now that our old friend had been obliged to withdraw from it, and to leave London on account of his health. I explained to Laura that I had Mr. Gilmore's own authority for placing implicit confidence in his partner's integrity, discretion, and accurate knowledge of all her affairs; and, with her full approval, I sat down at once to write the letter.

I began by stating our position to him exactly as it was; and then asked for his advice in return, expressed in plain, downright terms which we could comprehend without any danger of misinterpretations and mistakes. My letter was as short as I could possibly make it, and was, I hope, unincumbered by needless apologies and needless details.

Just as I was about to put the address on the envelope an obstacle was discovered by Laura, which, in the effort and preoccupation of writing, had escaped my mind altogether.

"How are we to get the answer in time?" she asked. "Your letter will not be delivered in London before to-morrow morning, and the post will not bring the reply here till the morning after."

The only way of overcoming this difficulty was to have the answer brought to us from the lawyer's office by a special messenger. I wrote a postscript to that effect, begging that the messenger might be dispatched with the reply by the eleven o'clock morning train, which would bring him to our station at twenty minutes past one, and so enable him to reach Blackwater Park by two o'clock at the latest. He was to be directed to ask for me, to answer no questions addressed to him by any one else, and to deliver his letter into no hands but mine.

"In case Sir Percival should come back to-morrow before two o'clock," I said to Laura, "the wisest plan for you to adopt is to be out in the grounds all the morning with your book or your work, and not to appear at the house till the messenger has had time to arrive with the letter. I will wait here for him all the morning to guard against any misadventures or mistakes. By following this arrangement I hope and believe we shall avoid being taken by surprise. Let us go down to the drawing-room now. We may excite suspicion if we remain shut up together too long."

"Suspicion?" she repeated. "Whose suspicion can we excite now that Sir Percival has left the house? Do you mean Count Fosco?"

"Perhaps I do, Laura."

"You are beginning to dislike him as much as I do, Marian."

"No; not to dislike him. Dislike is always, more or less, associated with contempt—I can see nothing in the Count to despise."

"You are not afraid of him, are you?"

"Perhaps I am—a little."

"Afraid of him after his interference in our favor to-day!"

"Yes. I am more afraid of his interference than I am of Sir Percival's violence. Remember what I said to you in the library. Whatever you do, Laura, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

We went down stairs. Laura entered the drawing-room, while I proceeded across the hall, with my letter in my hand, to put it into the post-bag, which hung against the wall opposite to me.

The house door was open; and, as I crossed past it, I saw Count Fosco and his wife standing talking together on the steps outside, with their faces turned toward me.

The Countess came into the hall rather hastily, and asked if I had leisure enough for five minutes' private conversation. Feeling a little surprised by such an appeal from such a person, I put my letter into the bag, and replied that I was quite at her disposal. She took my arm with unaccustomed friendliness and familiarity; and instead of leading me into an empty room, drew me out with her to the belt of turf which surrounded the large fish-pond.

As we passed the Count on the steps he bowed and smiled, and then went at once into the house; pushing the hall-door to after him, but not actually closing it.

The Countess walked me gently round the fish-pond. I expected to be made the depositary of some extraordinary confidence; and I was astonished to find that Madame Fosco's communication for my private ear was nothing more than a polite assurance of her sympathy for me, after what had happened in the library. Her husband had told her of all that had passed, and of the insolent manner in which Sir Percival had spoken to me. This information had so shocked and distressed her, on my account and on Laura's, that she had made up her mind, if any thing of the sort happened again, to mark her sense of Sir Percival's outrageous conduct by leaving the house. The Count had approved of her idea, and she now hoped that I approved of it too.

I thought this a very strange proceeding on the part of such a remarkably reserved woman as Madame Fosco—especially after the interchange of sharp speeches which had passed between us during the conversation in the boat-house, on that very morning. However, it was my plain duty to meet a polite and friendly advance, on the part of one of my elders, with a polite and friendly reply. I answered the Countess, accordingly, in her own tone; and then, thinking we had said all that was necessary on either side, made an attempt to get back to the house.

But Madame Fosco seemed resolved not to part with me, and, to my unspeakable amazement, resolved also to talk. Hitherto, the most silent of women, she now persecuted me with fluent conventionalities on the subject of married life, on the subject of Sir Percival and Laura, on the subject of her own happiness, on the subject of the late Mr. Fairlie's conduct to her in the matter of her legacy, and on half a dozen other subjects besides, until she had detained me, walking round and round the fish-pond for more than half an hour, and had quite wearied me out. Whether she discovered this or not I can not say, but she stopped as abruptly as she had begun—looked toward the house door—resumed her icy manner in a moment—and dropped my arm of her own accord, before I could think of an excuse for accomplishing my own release from her.

As I pushed open the door and entered the hall I found myself suddenly face to face with the Count again. He was just putting a letter into the post-bag.

After he had dropped it in, and had closed the bag, he asked me where I had left Madame Fosco. I told him, and he went out at the hall door immediately to join his wife. His manner, when he spoke to me, was so unusually quiet and subdued that I turned and looked after him, wondering if he were ill or out of spirits.

Why my next proceeding was to go straight up to the post-bag, and take out my own letter, and look at it again, with a vague distrust on me; and why the looking at it for the second time instantly suggested the idea to my mind of sealing the envelope for its greater security—are mysteries which are either too deep or too shallow for me to fathom. Women, as every body knows, constantly act on impulses which they can not explain even to themselves; and I can only suppose that one of those impulses was the hidden cause of my unaccountable conduct on this occasion.

Whatever influence animated me, I found cause to congratulate myself on having obeyed it, as soon as I prepared to seal the letter in my own room. I had originally closed the envelope, in the usual way, by moistening the adhesive point and pressing it on the paper beneath; and, when I now tried it with my finger, after a lapse of full three-quarters of an hour, the envelope opened on the instant, without sticking or tearing. Perhaps I had fastened it insufficiently? Perhaps there might have been some defect in the adhesive gum?

Or, perhaps——No! it is quite revolting enough to feel that third conjecture stirring in my mind. I would rather not see it confronting me, in plain black and white.

I almost dread to-morrow—so much depends on my discretion and self-control. There are two precautions, at all events, which I am sure not to forget. I must be careful to keep up friendly appearances with the Count, and I must be well on my guard when the messenger from the office comes here with the answer to my letter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 20, in the Senate, the bill for the relief of the widow of Captain Dearabell, of California, was passed. Several claims to bounty lands were reported against. The Committee on Printing submitted a resolution to withhold the work of binding the Senate documents until it was ascertained whether the contract for the same was in accordance with the law. A resolution was adopted to inquire into the expediency of a revision of the Postal laws. The House resolution appropriating $10,000 to defray the expense of inaugurating the Washington Statue was received and concurred in. Senator Brown's (Miss.) resolution relative to Territorial Governments was then taken up, and Senator Clark (N. H.) addressed the Senate. When he had concluded a message was received from the President, covering a memorial from the citizens of Nebraska and the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, which was referred to be printed. A message was also received from the House announcing the death of the Hon. William O. Goode, of Virginia, late member of the House from Mr. Pryor's District. Senator Hunter (Va.) moved the usual resolutions, and gave a sketch of the life and character of the deceased. Adopted. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, Messrs. Vallandigham (Ohio), Kellogg (Ill.), Burnett (Ky.), Adams (Ky.), Stokes (Tenn.), were announced by the Speaker as the Select Committee on the Senate bill to abolish the franking privilege. Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) asked leave to introduce a preamble and resolution for the appointment of a Committee of five to inquire into the recent outrages upon citizens of Northern States visiting or doing business in the Southern States, and report whether any further legislation is necessary to afford the protection guaranteed by the Constitution. Objections were made, and a call of the House moved, when Mr. Sherman (Ohio) reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, bills for the support of the Indian Department; for fulfilling the treaty stipulations with certain Indians in Oregon and Washington Territories; and for the construction of certain fortifications. Mr. Pryor (Va.) then announced the death of William O. Goode, his predecessor. Addresses were made by Messrs. Miles (S. C.) and Vallandigham (Ohio), when the customary resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, February 21, in the Senate, Senator Seward (N. Y.) introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union, which was made the special order for Wednesday of next week. Senator Doolittle (Wis.) presented a memorial from the Wisconsin Legislature, complaining of the impositions practiced upon the Menemonee Indians, and asking for a law to protect them. On motion of Senator Haun (Cal.) an inquiry was ordered as to the expediency of making a survey of the silver and other mines on the eastern slope of the Nevada Mountains. Also, as to granting the proceeds of the New Almaden quicksilver mines to California, toward building a railroad from the Pacific, which was laid over. Senator Mason (Va.), from the Harper's Ferry Committee, reported a resolution to bring Thaddeus Hyatt before the bar of the Senate, to answer for contempt for refusing to appear and testify before the Committee. After debate the resolution was adopted. On motion of Senator Hale (N. H.) the President was called upon to state whether Peru had fulfilled her treaty obligations. Senator Bigler (Pa.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of having the Senate confirm the appointment of Captains in the Navy, and increasing the pay. Adopted. The Senate then took up the bill to authorize the sale of public armories to the several States and Territories, and to regulate the appointment of Superintendents of Armories. After debate the subject was postponed. The District of Columbia Bank-note Act was then taken up, and after a short debate was laid aside. The Senate then adjourned till Thursday.——In the House, Mr. Smith (N. C.) corrected the statements which had been freely made during the contest for the Speakership, classing him with the American organization. He said he had never been a member of that organization, but was a Whig. Mr. Morris (Ill.), from the Committee on Roads and Canals, introduced a resolution relative to the removal of the Red River raft. Mr. Washburne (Ill.) submitted a majority report in favor of restoring the old seats and desks in the House. Mr. Miles (S. C.) submitted a minority report. The question being taken on the reports, that of the majority was adopted. Mr. Hoard (N. Y.) moved an inquiry whether any improper attempts to influence legislation in the House have been made by persons in the Executive Departments. Objection being made, Mr. H. withdrew his resolution for the present. On motion of Mr. Washburn (Me.) the election of printer was postponed till Thursday. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Mr. Lamar (Miss.) addressed the House relative to the politics of the day. He was followed by Mr. H. W. Davis (Md.) in response to the action of the Maryland Legislature respecting his vote for Speaker Pennington. Adjourned to Thursday.

On Thursday, February 23, in the Senate, a memorial from the New York Chamber of Commerce, relative to damages sustained by vessels at sea, was presented by Senator Seward (N. Y.). Senator Sumner (Mass.) moved an inquiry from the President in regard to the occupation of one of the islands in the West Indies by American citizens. Adopted. Senator Pugh (Ohio) reported a bill preventing assignees locating lands under bounty land warrants, which was passed. Senator Hale's (N.H.) resolution in relation to the conduct of Peru in carrying out treaty stipulations was adopted. Senator Brown (Miss.) introduced a bill to punish offenses against slave property in Kansas. Senator Mallory (Fla.) reported a joint resolution authorizing Captains Hudson and Sands to accept certain testimonials from Great Britain, which was adopted. Senator Chandler (Mich.) made an ineffectual effort to have the St. Clair Flats improving bill taken up. The bill relative to arms and Superintendents of Armories was taken up, debated, and postponed. The District of Columbia Bank-note bill was then taken up, debated, and amended somewhat, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a Message was received from the President, including memorials from Kansas and Nebraska on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, asking for legislation in their behalf. On motion of John Cochrane (N. Y.) accommodations in the galleries were provided for the New York Seventh Regiment, and other regiments visiting Washington. After some opposition, the House proceeded to vote for a Printer. The first vote stood: For Mr. Defrees, 83; Mr. Glossbrenner, 86; scattering, 10: necessary to a choice, 90. The second: For Mr. Defrees, 77; Mr. Glossbrenner, 87; Mr. Edward Ball of Ohio, 9; scattering, 7; necessary to a choice, 91. Mr. Kilgore (Ind.) then withdrew the name of Mr. Defrees, and Mr. Dawes (Mass.) nominated Samuel Bowles of Massachusetts. The next vote stood: For Mr. Glossbrenner, 84; Mr. Defrees, 2; Mr. Bowles, 57; Messrs. Gales & Seaton, 2: Mr. Mitchell, 9; remainder scattering; necessary to a choice, 89. The House again voted as follows: For Mr. Ball, 88; Mr. Glossbrenner, 84; scattering, 5; necessary to a choice, 89. The House then adjourned.

On Friday, February 24, in the Senate, Senator Wigfall (Texas) introduced a joint resolution requesting the President to call out the Regiment of Texas Volunteers, authorized by the act of 1858, to protect the frontiers of Texas from the ravages of Cortina. Laid over. Senator Fitzpatrick (Alabama) reported a bill making provision for carrying the mail between the United States and certain parts of Mexico. Senator Johnston (Tennessee) reported the Homestead bill, and moved that it be made the special order for Thursday next. Senator Brown's (Mississippi) resolution relative to Territories was taken up, and Senator Doolittle (Wisconsin) addressed the Senate in reply to Senator Toombs's attack on Wisconsin. When he concluded Senator Toombs secured the floor, and the Senate adjourned till Monday.——In the House, Mr. Carter (N. Y.) moved resolutions of regret that the President and Committee of Arrangements for the statue inauguration ceremonies failed to extend to the New York Seventh Regiment the hospitality and respect which were so eminently its due. Objections were made on the ground that they cast an imputation upon the Committee which might or might not be true. The House then proceeded to vote for a Printer. Three votes were had, the first resulting—for Mr. Glossbrenner, 92; Mr. Ball, 81; Mr. Mitchell, 15. Necessary to a choice, 96. Mr. Stokes (Tenn.) nominated Harvey M. Watterston of Tennessee. Another vote was had as follows: Mr. Glossbrenner, 86; Mr. Ball, 78; Mr. Mitchell, 17; Mr. Watterston, 1; Mr. Windom, 1. Necessary to a choice, 95. Mr. Bristow (Ky.) moved that Mr. Seaton, of the firm of Gales & Seaton, be appointed Printer. The Speaker (Mr. Bocock) decided the resolution inconsistent with the order to vote viva voce. Mr. Bristow then nominated Mr. Seaton, and Mr. Stokes then withdrew the name of Mr. Watterston. The House then again voted: For Mr. Ball, 75; Mr. Glossbrenner, 75; Mr. Seaton, 16; Mr. Mitchell, 16; Scattering, 3; Necessary to a choice, 93. Mr. Keitt (S.C.), understanding that Mr. Carter's resolutions relative to the 7th Regiment had been objected to on account of his absence, endeavored to have them taken up, but the Speaker stated that it would not be in order. On motion of Mr. Vallandigham (Ohio) an inquiry was ordered into the causes for the delay in issuing land patents, and the adoption of such remedy as may be necessary. Mr. Keitt stated that Mr. Carter's resolutions were unfounded in fact. The House then went into Committee on the State of the Union, and the West Point and Pension Appropriation bills were laid aside to be reported to the House. The President's Annual Message was then taken up, and Mr. M'Pherson (Pa.) addressed the House on Political matters. Mr. Spaulding (N. Y.) spoke against the President's veto of the St. Clair Flats Improvement bill. The House then adjourned till Monday.

INAUGURATION OF MILLS'S WASHINGTON.

This ceremony took place, as appointed, on 22d, notwithstanding very unfavorable weather. The Seventh Regiment had gone on from New York to be present.

The column moved at about half-past three, and the other associations fell in. The sky had partially cleared up, and the column, extending over half a mile in length, proceeded up Pennsylvania avenue under pleasing auspices, except the mud.

THE PLATFORM.

The column reached the President's house at about four o'clock under an unclouded sun. Altogether it was the finest military and civic display in Washington for many years. Pennsylvania Avenue was crowded with both residents and visitors. The patriotic excitement was intense, owing to the anticipated interesting events. The view of the procession as it neared the circle of the great point of attraction was truly splendid.

The procession having reached the circle the military wheeled to the right of the inclosure, while the prominent civilians entered it and took seats on the platform.

The Cabinet officers, with the exception of Secretary Floyd, sat together. The President, Vice-President, and Clark Mills, the artist, were in proximity to each other, and the orator of the day was, of course, conspicuous.

The platform was tastefully decorated with the flags of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Brazil, Peru, Chili, the Netherlands, Ecuador, Denmark, Portugal, Sardinia, Central America, Naples, Spain, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Paraguay, and Rome. Our own flag waved above all, and the desk was profusely decorated with the stripes and stars.

THE SPEECHES.

Senator Hammond introduced Rev. Mr. Nadal, who offered a prayer. Hon. Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, the orator of the day, then delivered an oration. Speeches were also made by Mr. Clark Mills, Mr. Whiting, Grand Master of the order of Masons at Washington, and the President.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

Mr. Buchanan was greeted with general and prolonged applause. He spoke in a distinct and animated tone, as follows:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I accept the auspicious omen now presented to us in this calm sunset almost without a cloud. The early part of the day was boisterous. Many accidents also occurred to delay the progress and the completion of these ceremonies. But these occurrences have terminated as, thank God, always has been the case in the history of our country. If storms and tempests beset us in the morning, the end of the day is still clear, bright, and animating. Such, I trust, will ever be the issue of the gloom and darkness that for a season appear to envelop us. [Applause.] The honorable and important duty has been assigned to me of dedicating this statue of Washington, which is a noble production of native American genius. This welcome and grateful task I now proceed to perform. Standing here on this beautiful and commanding position, surrounded by the Senators and Representatives of all the States of the Confederacy, and by a vast assemblage of our fellow-citizens, civil and military, and in full view of the noble Potomac, which Washington loved so well, and of the shores of the ancient Commonwealth which gave him birth, I now solemnly dedicate this statue to the immortal memory of the Father of his Country. [Applause.] I perform this act of pious devotion, not in the name of the people of the North or the South, the East or the West—not in the name of those who dwell on the waters of the Atlantic or of the Pacific—but in the name of the whole American people of the United States, one and indivisible, now and forever. [Loud applause, and cries of 'Hurrah for Old Buck.'] May the God of our fathers preserve the Constitution and the Union for ages yet to come. May they stand like the everlasting hills, against which the tempests from every quarter of the heavens shall beat in vain. In a word, may they endure so long as the name of Washington shall be honored and cherished among the children of men. [Renewed and prolonged applause.] May Washington City, which he founded, continue throughout many, many generations to be the seat of government of a great, powerful, and united confederacy. Should it ever become a ruin by a dissolution of the Union, it will not, like the ruins of Balbeck and Palmyra, be merely a monument of the vanity of human greatness; but it will teach the lesson to all the dwellers upon earth that our grand political experiment has failed, and that man is incapable of self-government. May such a direful disaster to the human race be averted, and in the language of Solomon at the dedication of the Jewish temple, 'May the Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers. Let him not leave us or forsake us.' [Applause.] May this be the prayer of all present, and may each one return to his home in heart more ardently patriotic and more determined to do his whole duty to God and his country than when we assembled here to-day."

VISIT OF THE SEVENTH TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

Next morning Hon. John Cochrane accompanied the officers of the Seventh Regiment to the President's house, and introduced them to the President and other officers of the Government. The Regiment, forming a line on Pennsylvania Avenue in that vicinity, was afterward reviewed by the President in the presence of a large number of spectators, who were delighted with both the appearance and evolutions of this popular military corps.

The Regiment, the same afternoon, having proceeded by companies in review, and coming to a "front face," were exercised in the manual of arms by Colonel Marshal Lefferts.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THEM.

The President, in the street, near the centre of the line, thus addressed them:

"COLONEL LEFFERTS, OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT,—I can not permit you to part from me without expressing, in a few words, my cordial thanks for your having graced the great occasion of yesterday. The military precision in your march, the admirable manner in which you go through your exercise, and the stout, hardy, noble, and defiant look which you exhibit, show that in the day and hour of battle you would not be mere parade soldiers, but that you would be in its very front. The occasion on which you came was a great occasion. The alacrity with which you obeyed the request of the authorities here ought ever to be highly commended. The Congress of the United States made provision for the erection of an equestrian statue to the Father of his Country. It was yesterday inaugurated; and through the rain, the mud, and the inclement weather, you appeared as if you had been on holiday parade; and we all thank you for the sacrifices you have made in doing us this honor. The statue was inaugurated. It was a national, not a municipal, occasion. The statue was executed by the authority of Congress—it was inaugurated by Congress, and we thank you for your great and important services during the ceremonial. Who would not do honor to the memory and name of Washington? He is endeared to the heart of every American, and as long as the twenty-second of February shall come in each successive year, so long let it be a day of cherished patriotism in the hearts of all our countrymen. It is a day that ought ever to be remembered in our annals, and when the birthday of Washington shall be forgotten, liberty will have perished from the earth. Every thing passed off admirably yesterday. The crowd was immense. The plaudits bestowed on the Seventh Regiment were enthusiastic. If there was any thing to regret, it was this—that none of the representatives of foreign governments graced this commemoration. When you were here last, you had been a guard of honor for the remains of James Monroe. He was a soldier, he was a patriot, he was a statesman, he was an excellent President. There was peace in his day. I trust there will be peace in the days of my successors. Storms have prevailed during my period, but I see the clouds breaking away, and I trust and believe that a new 'era of good feeling' will ere long return. I will not detain you longer than to reiterate my thanks for the honor you have done us, and I am sure it will be a day recorded and impressed upon your memory as one on which you have rendered good service to your country—a day in which you have stirred up the fires of patriotism in every breast. I thank you, gentlemen—thank you with all my heart for this visit."

DEFECTION FROM SPIRITUALISM.

The Springfield *Republican*, in an article upon "manifestations" and "phenomena," says: "Perhaps the most serious blow that Spiritualism has received is the defection of Rev. T. L. Harris, lately the inspired poet of the new movement in this country, now a Swedenborgian minister, and at present lecturing against Spiritualism in England. He does not deny the fact of possession by spirits, but thinks they are spirits of a low order both in intellect and virtue; that they are of the same class with the demons spoken of in the New Testament; and that they pass themselves for the spirits of the friends of those consulting them, or of distinguished men, in order the better to deceive and accomplish their destructive purposes. The effect of this possession Mr. Harris says he has felt in his own mind and person, and he describes it as most fearful. Only a few years ago it had such hold of him that it gave a fixed rigidity to his muscles and a terrible, unearthly expression to his countenance. He had known many excellent and amiable persons under this influence to have their energies crushed, lose their appetites, be deprived of sleep, find their self-control destroyed, and their bodies wasting away and their minds enfeebled, as if under some fell disease. Mr. Harris gives a shocking account of the moral influence of the doctrine he has just abandoned, and we have no doubt he greatly exaggerates it, with the zeal natural to a new convert."

SHOCKING DEATH.

The wife of Julius M. Smith, Esq., of Concord, Massachusetts, came to her death on Tuesday morning under somewhat singular circumstances. Wishing to have a number of teeth extracted, she desired the surgeon to administer to her whisky, in order to render her insensible during the operation. After some objection, which was overruled, a tumbler and a half was administered to her during an hour. The teeth were then extracted, and for ten or twelve hours the woman presented only the ordinary symptoms of intoxication, except that, for a few minutes, she appeared like a person in an apoplexy, but soon recovered. About an hour after drinking the whisky she vomited freely, without pain or unusual difficulty. Her pulse and breathing, says the Boston *Traveller*, were natural, and the family and friends who called in the course of the day and evening felt no apprehension till 12 o'clock Monday night, when the doctor, who, feeling some anxiety in consequence of the symptoms of apoplexy manifested, had remained with her during the greater part of the evening, requested that another physician be called for the purpose of holding a consultation. Nothing, however, could be done, and she expired at about 7 o'clock yesterday morning, without having shown any sign of returning consciousness or of suffering. An effort at the start was made to have her take ether or chloroform, which she appeared to think would injure her; whereas it is probable these substances, particularly ether, would have proved powerless. She was about thirty years old.

SALTING THE STREETS.

This nuisance is permitted in Philadelphia as well as in this city. A correspondent of the *Bulletin*, speaking of the injurious effects arising from it, says: "Salt will crack the surface of smooth ice, or melt snow under certain temperature, but certainly will not melt the latter under a very low one. It is said the good effect of the plan is only observed while the sun shines upon it; but fortunately when this is the case it is not required, even should it facilitate the operation. When the snow is light and falls at a moderate temperature, as has been the case throughout this season, it will be dispersed by the wheels of the cars from pressure alone. But the greatest evil, to which I beg leave to draw your attention, is the effect of the evaporation of so much salt throughout the city, which causes, as I think can be demonstrated, a white scum or precipitate on the walls of brick and sandstone houses, the unsightly appearance of which, I presume, has been observed of late in the finest edifices of our city. Salt is a chloride of soda, which, ascending in a state of vapor and uniting with the lime in the mortar between the bricks, or wherever these substances may be found in a state of solution, forms a chloride of lime, producing in certain seasons and state of the weather the effect above described. This white substance is frequently seen on houses where salt has been used as a solvent of ice and snow, and particularly near ice-cream establishments, where salt is used for freezing purposes. It has for a long time been observed on chimneys and side-walls of houses, caused, no doubt, by salt used for culinary purposes in kitchen fire-places."

PERSONAL.

The *Tribune* is requested to state that Mrs. Brown, the widow of the martyr of Harper's Ferry, is much embarrassed and annoyed by the multitude of letters addressed to her, for one purpose or another, by entire strangers, who have no claims upon her attention, and who seek to promote their own interest or gratify their curiosity, regardless of the restraints of delicacy and propriety. Want of manners, in such a case, certainly indicates a want of sense, but we hope this notice may be generally copied by the press and lead, at least, to some abatement of the evil alluded to.

Our Minister Resident to Guatemala and Honduras, the Hon. Beverly L. Clark of Kentucky, has entered into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, the ceremonies of abjuration of the old and confession of the new faith having been performod in the Cathedral of the City of Guatemala.

The youthful widow of Oliver Brown, the son of John Brown, killed at Harper's Ferry, gave birth to a daughter, at North Elba, New York, on the 3d, but the child of sorrow lived only three days.

The Westminster *Review* states that Whitefield, the great revivalist preacher, was at one time a slaveholder in Georgia, being, at his death, the owner of fifty slaves, men, women, and children, whom he left in his will to the Countess of Huntingdon.

The Quebec *Mercury* understands that advices have been received by the *North Briton*, intimating the intention of her Majesty that the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to Canada, shall take place in the early part of July next.

Near Babylon, Long Island, on the 18th inst., Mr. Silas Muncy, aged eighty-five years, died. Also at the same time and place, Sarah, wife of Silas Muncy, aged eighty-two years, died. This aged couple had lived together as man and wife for sixty-three years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW BUDGET.

ON 9th, in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone rose amidst great cheering, and proceeded to make his financial statement. He stated that the annual income had been satisfactory, having produced £70,578,000, while the expenditure was £68,953,000. The estimated expenditures for the ensuing year were £70,100,000, and the estimated income from existing resources would only be £60,700,000—an apparent deficit of £9,400,000. To meet this he proposed an income tax for the year of tenpence in the pound on incomes above £150, and sevenpence on incomes below that sum, which would give a surplus of nearly half a million. The tea and sugar duties he proposed to renew for another year. He entered into the provisions of the French treaty, and intimated that the duties would be reduced on wine from 5*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* per gallon; on brandy, from 15*s.* to 8*s.* 2*d.* per gallon; on timber, from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.*; on currants, from 15*s.* 9*d.* to 7*s.*; on raisins and figs, from 10*s.* to 6*s.*; on hops, from 45*s.* to 14*s.*; on chicory, from 16*s.* to 6*s.*; on agreement stamps, from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*d.* The duties are to be entirely abolished on paper, butter, tallow, cheese, oranges, nutmegs, and liquorice. Brokers' notes are to bear a stamp of one penny, and dock warrants threepence. There is to be a duty of one penny per package on all goods exported and imported pressed. The stamp on newspapers is entirely abolished. France agrees to reduce the duties on coal and coke in 1860, and on flax, hemp, and other items, from the 1st of June, 1861. On the 1st of October, 1861, France will reduce the duties on all articles of British production to an *ad valorem* duty of thirty per cent., and after three years to twenty-five per cent. England engages to reduce all duties on French manufactured goods. The treaty is to be in force ten years. He defended the action of the Government in negotiating this treaty. The army estimates are £15,800,000, including £5,000,000 for the China war. The budget was received with cheers, and its consideration fixed for the 20th.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

The same day Lord John Russell stated that no convention had been entered into between England and France relative to combined operations in China; but an ordinance on the subject had been issued, which settled the basis of proceedings and the question of a permanent occupation by either Power of any portion of Chinese territory.

A NEW POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

We read in the Manchester *Guardian*: "The little leading type paragraph in to-day's *Times* on the subject of the reception of the volunteer officers by the Queen marks the settlement of what deserves to be called the great Court question of the day, viz.: What is to be done should the officers of the volunteer corps claim to be presented at the Queen's levees, and their wives at the drawing-rooms? It is not a question of rank so much as one of room and time, and regard for the royal comfort and capacity of endurance. There are, or soon will be, some thirty thousand of these officers, and supposing one half of them anxious for the honor of kissing her Majesty's hand, the Lord Chamberlain would be puzzled where to find room for the crowd, and the Queen would suffer a martyrdom from the fatigue of the ceremonial. It is no joke to hold out a hand to be kissed by thousands. It is not so long ago since a President of the United States narrowly escaped losing an arm owing to an abscess, supposed to have been caused, or irritated to extra mischief, by the hand-shaking at one of his mob levees at the White House. At the same time there was the greatest reluctance to interpose any barrier between the volunteers and the gratification of their loyal aspirations for a kiss of the royal hand. The difficulty has formed the subject of many and anxious counsels at the Lord Chamberlain's office, and at that mysterious institution—the Board of Green Cloth. The solution now hit upon, the holding of a separate levee for volunteers, is considered a master stroke of ceremonial invention, and the Lord Chamberlain draws freer breath. Her Majesty, too, will sleep all the sounder for her escape from the threatened avalanche of loyal defenders of the crown and realm upon the already crowded space of the reception rooms at St. James's.

FRANCE.

THE PACIFIC POLICY OF THE EMPEROR.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says a circular will soon be issued by the new French Foreign Minister to the diplomatic agents abroad, which may be considered in some sort the programme of the Imperial Government. In its foreign policy it is to be eminently pacific and friendly to all.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW COUNSELOR.

The Countess Casanova is the name of an Italian visitor at the French Court, to whose influence, Paris scandal says, is owing the change in the views of the Emperor in regard to Central Italy. It is said this Judith was selected by Count Cavour himself, and placed, under the eyes of Holofernes, in a box at the Opera directly opposite to one in which the Emperor sat when at Turin. The lady subsequently appeared at the *fêtes* at Compeigne, and has since formed one of the French Court.

FASHIONABLE BETTING IN FRANCE.

From a recent number of the *Etoile Belge*, a journal conducted with considerable talent, we extract the subjoining paragraph: "At the last Chantilly Races, a lady well known in the fashionable circles at Paris, inoculated with the English passion for betting on horses, lost 15,000 francs. Her husband, ignorant that she had any stake on the race, entered the grand-stand in great glee, having won 20,000 francs on *Black Prince*; observing his wife did not partake of his joy at this good fortune, he offered to share his gains with her, upon which she avowed her loss. Like a kind husband, he immediately paid it, saying, however, 'I must take a house for you, madam, in the country—there is no longer any question about that, and never let me hear of your betting again.' In England, women who possess an independent forture bet like the men. The daughter of a great English poet, Ada, the sole fruit of his unfortunate marriage, fell a victim to her passion for betting. Having staked an amount of £80,000 on the Derby, she lost three-quarters of it (or 1,000,000 francs), all her personal fortune. It was her ruin; her husband, inexorable, allowed her a small pension, upon which she retired to an estate in Rutlandshire. Six months after this exile the poor lady died of despair."

AUSTRIA.

NO SETTLEMENT OF THE ITALIAN DIFFICULTY.

It is confirmed that Austria refuses to accede to the principal proposition of England for the settlement of the Italian question, but the formal communications on the subject had not been received by England and France.

Advices from Verona report great military preparations there. Count Deganfeld, commander of the Second Austrian *corps d'armée*, declares, in an order of the day, issued at Verona, that from the 15th of February the whole of the Venetian province of Mantua and districts of Trent will be governed by martial law.

THE LIBERTY OF THE BOUQUET.

The *Gazette de Thurgovie* says that not long ago a bouquet was thrown to a *danseuse* in one of the theatres at Venice made up of the three colors of Italian independence, red, white, and green. She picked it up and kissed it. For this she was summoned before the police authorities, and ordered thenceforth to trample on all bouquets which might be thrown to her. This order got abroad, and next night there was thrown a bouquet of the Austrian colors, black and yellow. In obedience to the order of the police she trampled it under her feet, while the house was shaken by acclamations of applause.

ITALY.

MAZZINI'S VIEWS.

The Scottish papers publish a letter from Signor Mazzini to his friend, Mr. John M'Adam, of Glasgow. Mazzini is again in England, and, as we learn from this letter, occupying himself with the promotion of the cause of Italian nationality and unity in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies:

"We are working actively on the South to promote there a change which would reach the aim at once. You helped us, through pecuniary assistance, when we were at work in the north of Italy; help us, if you can, for the south. Explain to your countrymen that our aim is unity—that there is the root of the question—that Italy will never be tranquil, Europe never be at peace, while that supreme aim of ours is not reached. Urge for support being given to the claimed annexation of the dukedoms of Tuscany, of the Legations, of Piedmont. Bonapartism is conceding the annexation of the dukedoms, doubtful about the Legations, negative about Tuscany. And, above all, urge, insist for the withdrawal of the French troops from Italy, but especially from Rome. What is the use of talking of non-interference while 20,000 French soldiers are forbidding Rome manifesting her verdict about papal rule? The withdrawal as soon as the Pope's security would be guaranteed was promised since 1849. It was promised again in 1856, on condition that the Austrian troops would withdraw from the Roman provinces. It is asked for by the Pope; it is by the Italian people; and since the war for independence it is a logical deduction, as, since the peace of Villafranca with Austria, it is an elementary political duty. Ask for it—petition, speak, resolve in every meeting for it. Rome free is Italy one; and the movement now going on among your Catholic population ought to stir up your Protestant believers to something like a counter demonstration. These are the things you might, if willing, do for us. My hour is exhausted, and I can not write more: I shall as soon as I can. Believe me, dear friend, ever gratefully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"JOHN M'ADAM, No. 65 Hyde-Park Street, Glasgow."

The Mazzini party was said to be active at Rome. General Guyon had taken measures for preventing any manifestations.

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE IN ITALY.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, now living at a villa near Florence, writes the following:

"Do you wish to know what it costs to inhabit a villa at Bellosguardo? A friend who has lived here with his family, the past six years, in a beautiful old house that would easily accommodate twenty more persons besides, told me he paid two hundred and fifty dollars a year for the establishment, furnished.

"Provisions, compared in price to those in the Boston markets, are gratuities, dropped ready cooked on the table daily, for nothing. Listen! Best beef, five cents per pound; best chickens, fourteen cents each; vegetables enough for a dinner of six persons, five cents. Butter and cream in proportion. A carriage holding four persons costs, all the seats filled, fifty cents an hour. If taken for several hours, much less. I paid ten cents yesterday for a fresh, bouncing bouquet, in which were roses, mignonnette, pinks, hyacinths, anemones, heliotropes, and many other varieties.

"Female servants, faithful and good-tempered, happy to be employed, and thankful for a home, can be had in any number among the *contadini*, for three dollars a month, and think themselves amply paid. A first-rate man-servant commands six dollars per month. Fifty cents a week are not unusual wages for a housemaid, and one excellent old damsel who has served a family of my acquaintance seven years, as chief cook and bottle-washer, told me, on her wages being raised to seventy-five cents, that she was living 'in Paradise.'

"In winter the air is mild, and flowers grow in the open fields all through the season. The nightingales make the spring musical, and the summer time is one long gala day. Not a bad place to live in—certainly not a dear one."

MORE BAD PICTURES FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The Florence correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes:

"Florence is busy this week with departures for Rome. Twenty Americans set sail last Saturday from Leghorn, having left this city in the morning on their way to the South. They had a boisterous night on the Mediterranean, we hear; the boat being crowded, their discomfort was intense. No one cares just now to travel by land from Sienna, as the road is hardly a pleasant one in these perilous times. Mr. R. C. Winthrop is expected here this week. Miss Chapman, whose fine voice Bostonians will remember, has made great progress in her musical studies, and has been honored with an invitation to sing at the Florence Philharmonic Concert. She will make her public *début* in Italy therefore next week. During her residence here she has become a great favorite. Her untiring industry as a student of music has been rewarded, as industry always is, with success.

"It is amusing to see the vessel-loads of bad pictures on their way to America. Very old masters, very badly copied, are furiously popular. If Raphael & Company have any cognizance of what is going on from year to year in the galleries of the Pitti and Ufizzi, what sighs must rend their angelic bosoms! I saw, not long ago, a 'Madonna' packed into a box with several other paintings, bound for New England, so atrocious in color and drawing that I could not help wishing that the vessel might spring a leak and every thing on board be saved except the pictures. There was a sybil among the treasures, as intoxicated a looking damsel as paint could make her. But the frame was gorgeous."

SPAIN.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Marshal O'Donnell is created Duke of Tetuan, and raised to the rank of a grandee of Spain. He had also been presented by the Queen with the ground on which the victory was won. Fifty cannon were captured at Tetuan.

In the battle of the 4th the Spanish loss was ten officers and seven hundred and eleven men killed and wounded.

O'Donnell judged it useless to pursue the Moors into the interior.

The Madrid *Epoca* expresses the opinion that on the capture of Tetuan England would again offer her mediation for bringing about a peace, and it would probably be accepted.

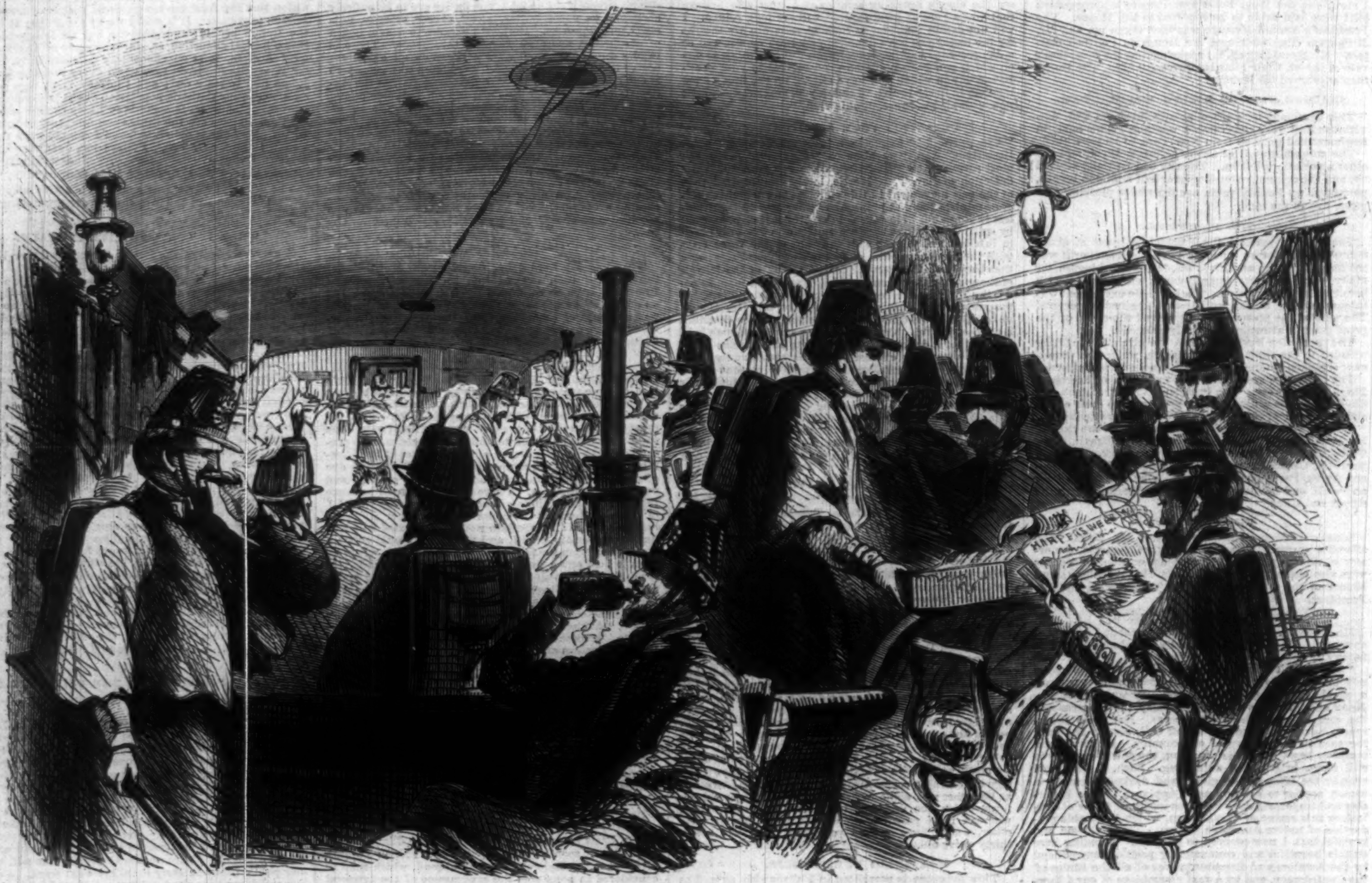
TURKEY.

WHAT THE SULTAN IS LIKE.

Fredrika Bremer, in a recent magazine article, thus describes the Turkish Sultan:

"A little man in a dark coat, a dark red cap with a long black tassel on his head, and a pale, unpleasing countenance, comes down the steps, with as little dignity as a shopman. Can that really be the Sultan? Yes, it must be the Sultan, because the elderly military personages by his side reply with an expression of deep reverence to some remarks of the little man, and the stout lady with the children steps hastily forward into his path, as if she would stop his further advance. He starts, makes a half-step backward, and contracts his eyebrows most threateningly. Yet he listens to what she has to say, but listens with a gloomy expression, and then casts an inquiring glance on his brother-in-law, the High Admiral. He utters a few words of explanation, shrugging his shoulders, and then another word or two, which seem to say, 'What do I know about your husband?'—motions the stout lady out of the way, and walks on to the shore, talking gayly with the gentlemen who attend him. He steps into the caique, from which the canopy has been removed; puts on his gloves, distorts his face in looking up at the sun, and so doing exhibits his tobacco-stained teeth; while his plain, uninteresting countenance assumes a most disagreeable expression. This, then, is the man who is called 'God's Shadow on the Earth,' and who rules with absolute sway over the lives and happiness of 35,000,000 of human beings! I have seen many crowned heads, but none who seemed to me so devoid of dignity, so devoid of any thing remarkable as this 'Shadow of God on Earth.' Nevertheless, the throne must produce an effect either for good or for evil. Travelers who see Abdul Medjid only at public audiences usually observe merely the lifeless, automatic character of his exterior. I now saw him under other circumstances. He was lively, and his countenance, although pale, indicated more youthful strength and health than I had been led to expect. 'That is,' I was told, 'because within the last few years he has drank something stronger than Champagne, and this has given him strength. Besides, he was to-day in a good-humor. But he generally looks very gloomy.' For the rest, Abdul Medjid has the Turkish family features, the oval countenance, with somewhat prominent cheek-bones, the nose broad at the nostrils, and arched; the dark-brown, well-cut, but not large, eyes; and the finely-penciled eyebrows. They struck me as finest when contracted with their threatening expression, and the countenance then appeared most significant. If they could contract with a grave earnestness, Abdul Medjid would be a man of high character. Naturally mild of disposition, a good son, good brother, unwilling, although a despot, to sign a death-warrant, Abdul Medjid is not wanting in the softer feelings. That which he wants is real earnestness, real strength. So, at least, it seems to me. He does not throw himself seriously into any thing, but lets all go as it may and will. 'Allah Kerim!'"

THE INAUGURATION OF CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, ON FEBRUARY 22, 1860.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA IN THE CARS EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

WE published in last number an engraving of Clark Mills's statue of Washington, which was inaugurated on 22d at the Federal Capital. We now publish an illustration of the ceremony of inauguration, and two illustrations of the share taken in that event by the famed Seventh Regiment of New York State Militia.

The Seventh left New York on the evening of 21st, and arrived at Washington, after many vexatious delays, at 11·30 A.M. on 22d. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the ceremonies were commenced without delay. The Seventh took its place in the line, and the procession proceeded up Pennsylvania Avenue to the President's House. An eye-witness observed:

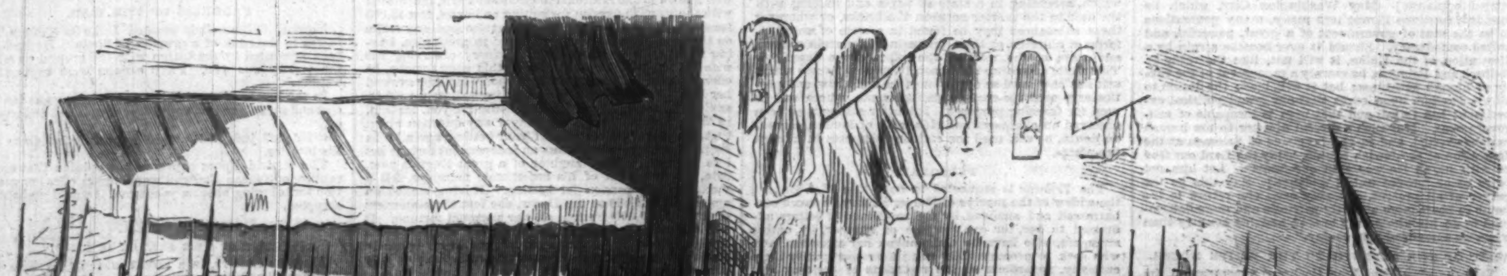
"The principal feature in the whole procession was the presence of the Seventh Regiment. On the route of march they proceeded in column by companies. The carriage of the men was erect, their band discoursed most excellent music, and they moved with the precision of a grand piece of machinery.

Another writer says:

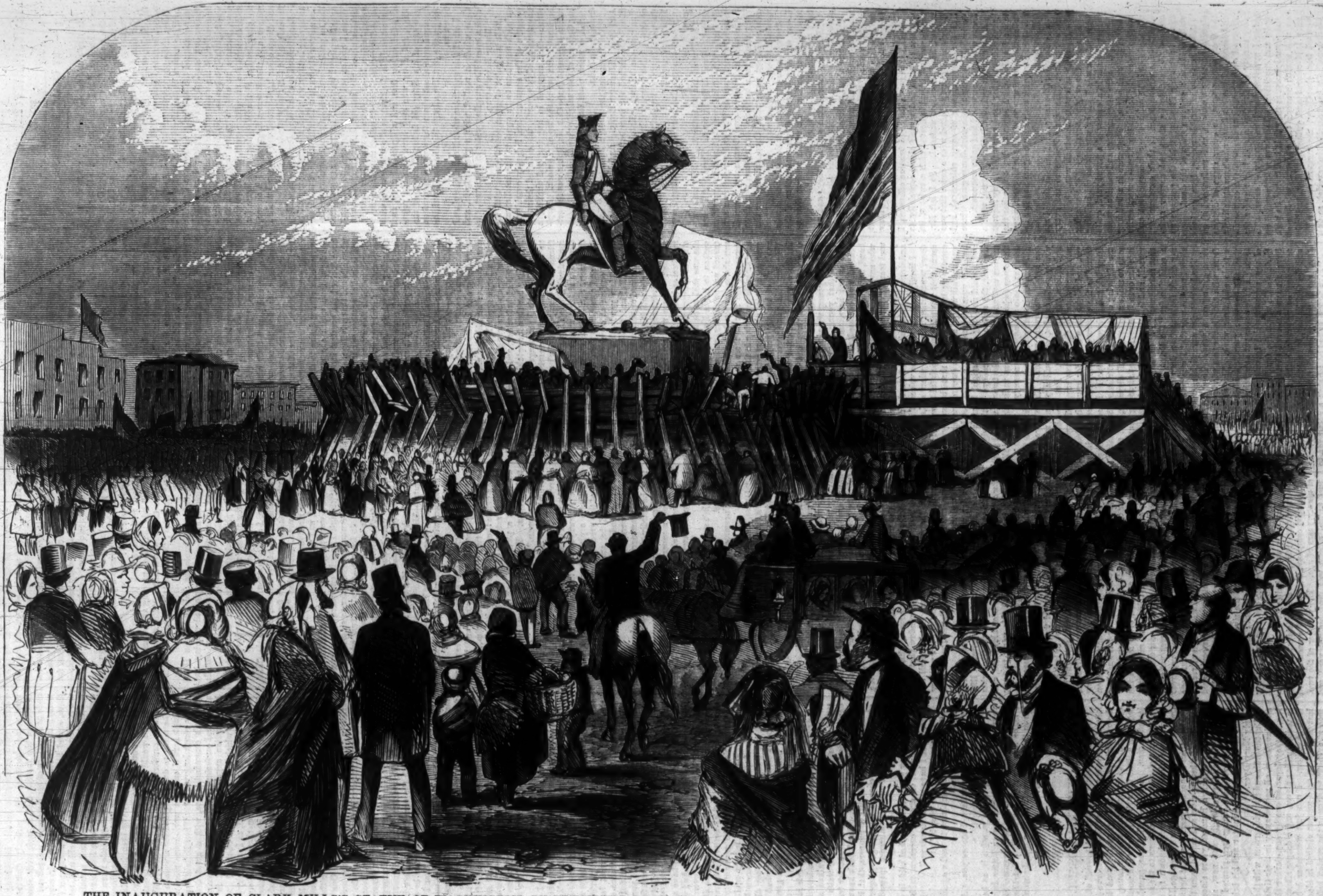
"The New York Seventh Regiment was the greatest attraction of the procession, containing eight full companies, each extending nearly from curb to curb. The Baltimore battalion of City Guards, in point of discipline and numbers, elicited universal comments. The Law Greys were small in number compared with the foregoing, but were highly disciplined, and attracted much attention. The corps of Marines stationed at the Washington Navy Yard, one hundred and sixty in number, had the right of the column, and received the cheers of the spectators as they passed. The ordnance men, about fifty in number, made a fine display as a full company of light artillery. The Georgetown College Cadets made a creditable appearance in point of numbers and discipline. The Alexandria military participated, and made a fine martial appearance. The Port Tobacco Cavalry—a new company, said to be the wealthiest corps in the country—added much to the interest of the procession.

"None of the diplomatic corps were present. They were assigned a place in the programme immediately after the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, but this they declined to occupy."

The account of the ceremony will be found in the news pages.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MARCHING UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON CITY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]



THE INAUGURATION OF CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, BY PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, AT WASHINGTON, D.C., FEBRUARY 22, 1860.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. II.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

My day's no-business beckoning me to the east end of London, I had turned my face to that point of the metropolitan compass on leaving Covent Garden, had got past the India House, and at last began to file off to the right, toward Wapping.

Not that I intended to take boat at Wapping Old Stairs, or that I was going to look at the locality, because I believe (for I don't) in the constancy of the young woman who told her sea-going lover, to such a beautiful old tune, that she had ever continued the same, since she gave him the 'baccer-box marked with his name; I am afraid he usually got the worst of those transactions, and was frightfully taken in. No, I was going to Wapping, because an eastern police magistrate had said, through the morning papers, that there was no classification at the Wapping work-house for women, and that it was a disgrace, and a shame, and divers other hard names, and because I wished to see how the fact really stood.

Long before I reached Wapping I gave myself up as having lost my way, and, abandoning myself to the narrow streets in a Turkish frame of mind, relied on predestination to bring me somehow or other to the place I wanted if I were ever to get there. When I had ceased for an hour or so to take any trouble about the matter, I found myself on a swing-bridge, looking down at some dark locks in some dirty water. Over against me stood a creature remotely in the likeness of a young man, with a puffed sallow face, and a figure all dirty, and shiny, and slimy, who may have been the youngest son of his filthy old father, Thames, or the drowned man about whom there was a placard on the granite post like a large thimble that stood between us.

I asked this apparition what it called the place? Unto which it replied, with a ghastly grin, and with a sound like gurgling water in its throat,

"Mister Baker's trap."

As it is a point of great sensitiveness with me on such occasions to be equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation, I deeply considered the meaning of this speech, while I eyed the apparition—then engaged in hugging and sucking a horizontal iron bar at the top of the lock. Inspiration suggested to me that Mr. Baker was the acting Coroner of that neighborhood.

"A common place for suicide," said I, looking down at the locks.

"Sue?" returned the ghost, with a stare. "Yes! And Poll. Likeways Emly. And Nancy. And Jane"—he sucked the iron between each name—"and all the bileing. Ketches off their bonnets or shorls, takes a run, and headers down here, they doos. Always a headerin' down here, they is. Like one o'clock."

"And at about that hour of the morning, I suppose?"

"Ah!" said the apparition. "*They* an't partickler. Two 'ull do for *them*. Three. All times o' night. O'ny mind you!" Here the apparition rested its profile on the bar, and gurgled in a sarcastic manner. "There must be somebody comin'. They don't go a headerin' down here, wen there an't no Bobby nor gen'ral Cove, fur to hear the splash."

According to my interpretation of these words I was myself a General Cove, or member of the miscellaneous public. In which modest character I remarked:

"They are often taken out, are they, and restored?"

"I dunno about restored," said the apparition, who, for some occult reason, very much objected to that word; "they're carried into the werkiss and put into a 'ot bath, and brought round. But I dunno about restored," said the apparition; "blow *that!*"—and vanished.

As it had shown a desire to become offensive, I was not sorry to find myself alone, especially as the "werkiss" it had indicated with a twist of its matted head was close at hand. So I left Mr. Baker's terrible trap (baited with a scum that was like the soapy rinsing of sooty chimneys), and made bold to ring at the work-house gate, where I was wholly unexpected and quite unknown.

A very bright and nimble little matron, with a bunch of keys in her hand, responded to my request to see the House. I began to doubt whether the police magistrate was quite right in his facts, when I noticed her quick active little figure and her intelligent eyes.

The Traveler (the matron intimated) should see the worst first. He was welcome to see every thing. Such as it was, there it all was.

This was the only preparation for our entering "the Foul wards." They were in an old building squeezed away in a corner of a paved yard, quite detached from the more modern and spacious main body of the work-house. They were in a building most monstrously behind the time—a mere series of garrets or lofts, with every inconvenient and objectionable circumstance in their construction, and only accessible by steep and narrow staircases, infamously ill adapted for the passage up stairs of the sick, or down stairs of the dead.

Abed in these miserable rooms, here on bedsteads, there (for a change, as I understood it) on the floor, were women in every stage of distress and disease. None but those who have attentively observed such scenes can conceive the extraordinary variety of expression still latent under the general monotony and uniformity of color, attitude, and condition. The form a little coiled up and turned away, as though it had turned its back on this world forever; the uninterested face at once lead-colored and yellow, looking passively upward from the pillow; the haggard mouth a little dropped, the hand outside the coverlet, so dull and indifferent, so light and yet so heavy; these were on every pallet; but when I stopped beside a bed, and said ever so slight a word to the figure lying there, the ghost of the old character came into the face, and made the Foul ward as various as the fair world. No one appeared to care to live, but no one complained; all who could speak said that as much was done for them as could be done there, that the attendance was kind and patient, that their suffering was very heavy, but they had nothing to ask for. The wretched rooms were as clean and sweet as it is possible for such rooms to be; they would become a pest-house in a single week if they were ill-kept.

I accompanied the brisk matron up another barbarous staircase, into a better kind of loft devoted to the idiotic and imbecile. There was at least Light in it, whereas the windows in the former wards had been like sides of school-boys bird-cages. There was a strong grating over the fire here, and, holding a kind of state on either side of the hearth, separated by the breadth of this grating, were two old ladies in a condition of feeble dignity, which was surely the very last and lowest reduction of self-complacency to be found in this wonderful humanity of ours. They were evidently jealous of each other, and passed their whole time (as some people do, whose fires are not grated) in mentally disparaging each other, and contemptuously watching their neighbors. One of these parodies on provincial gentlewomen was extremely talkative, and expressed a strong desire to attend the service on Sundays, from which she represented herself to have derived the greatest interest and consolation when allowed that privilege. She gossiped so well, and looked altogether so cheery and harmless, that I began to think this a case for the Eastern magistrate, until I found that on the last occasion of her attending chapel she had secreted a small stick, and had caused some confusion in the responses by suddenly producing it and belaboring the congregation.

So these two old ladies, separated by the breadth of the grating—otherwise they would fly at one another's caps—sat all day long, suspecting one another, and contemplating a world of fits. For every body else in the room had fits, except the wardswoman: an elderly, able-bodied pauperess, with a large upper lip, and an air of repressing and saving up her strength, as she stood with her hands folded before her, and her eyes slowly rolling, biding her time for catching or holding somebody. This civil personage (in whom I regretted to identify a reduced member of my honorable friend Mrs. Gamp's family) said, "They has 'em continiwal, Sir. They drops without no more notice than if they was coach-horses dropped from the moon, Sir. And when one drops, another drops, and sometimes there'll be as many as four or five on 'em at once, dear me, a rollin' and a tearin', bless you!—this young woman, now, has 'em dreadful bad!"

She turned up this young woman's face with her hand as she said it. This young woman was seated on the floor, pondering, in the foreground of the afflicted. There was nothing repellant either in her face or head. Many, apparently worse, varieties of epilepsy and hysteria were about her, but she was said to be the worst there. When I had spoken to her a little, she still sat with her face turned up, pondering, and a gleam of the mid-day sun shone in upon her.—Whether this young woman, and the rest of these so sorely troubled, as they sit or lie pondering in their confused, dull way, ever get mental glimpses among the motes in the sunlight, of healthy people and healthy things? Whether this young woman, brooding like this in the summer season, ever thinks that somewhere there are trees and flowers, even mountains and the great sea? Whether, not to go so far, this young woman ever has any dim revelation of that young woman—that young woman who is not here, never will come here, who is courted, and caressed, and loved, and has a husband, and bears children, and lives in a home, and who never knows what it is to have this lashing and tearing coming upon her? And whether this young woman, God help her, gives herself up then, and drops like a coach-horse from the moon?

I hardly knew whether the voices of infant children, penetrating into so hopeless a place, made a sound that was pleasant or painful to me. It was something to be reminded that the weary world was not all weary, and was ever renewing itself; but this young woman was a child not long ago, and a child not long hence might be such as she. Howbeit, the active step and eye of the vigilant matron conducted me past the two provincial gentlewomen (whose dignity was ruffled by the children) and into the adjacent nursery.

There were many babies here, and more than one handsome young mother. There were ugly young mothers also, and sullen young mothers, and callous young mothers. But the babies had not appropriated to themselves any bad expression yet, and might have been, for any thing that appeared to the contrary in their soft faces, Princes Imperial, and Princesses Royal. I had the pleasure of giving a practical commission to the baker's man to make a cake with all dispatch, and toss it into the oven for one red-headed young pauper and myself, and felt much the better for it. Without that refreshment, I doubt if I should have been in a condition for "the Refractories," toward whom my quick little matron drew me next, and marshaled me the way that I was going.

The Refractories were picking oakum in a small room giving on a yard. They sat in line on a form, with their backs to a window; before them, a table and their work. The oldest Refractory was, say twenty; youngest Refractory, say sixteen. I have never yet ascertained, in the course of my uncommercial travels, why a Refractory habit should affect the tonsils and uvula; but I have always observed that Refractories of both sexes and every grade, between a Ragged School and the Old Bailey, have one voice, in which the tonsils and uvula gain a diseased ascendancy.

"Five pound indeed! I hain't a going fur to pick five pound," said the Chief of the Refractories, keeping time to herself with her head and chin. "More than enough to pick what we picks now, in sitch a place as this, and on wot we gets here!"

(This was in acknowledgment of a delicate intimation that the amount of work was likely to be increased. It certainly was not heavy then, for one Refractory had already done her day's task—it was barely two o'clock—and was sitting behind it, with a head exactly matching it.)

"A pretty Ouse this is, matron, ain't it?" said Refractory Two, "where a pleeseman's called in if a gal says a word!"

"And wen you're sent to prison for nothink or less!" said the Chief, tugging at her oakum, as if it were the matron's hair. "But any place is better than this; that's one thing, and be thankful!"

A laugh of Refractories, led by Oakum Head with folded arms—who originated nothing, but who was in command of the skirmishers outside the conversation.

"If any place is better than this," said my brisk guide, in the calmest manner, "it is a pity you left a good place when you had one."

"Ho, no, I didn't, matron," returned the Chief, with another pull at her oakum, and a very expressive look at the enemy's forehead. "Don't say that, matron, 'cos it's lies!"

Oakum Head brought up the skirmishers again, skirmished, and retired.

"And *I* warn't a going," exclaimed Refractory Two, "though I was in one place for as long as four year—*I* warn't a going fur to stop in a place that warn't fit for me—there! And where the fam'ly warn't 'spectable characters—there! And where I fort'nately or hunfort'nately found that the people warn't what they pretended to make themselves out to be—there! And where it wasn't their faults, by chalks, if I warn't made bad and ruinated—Hah!"

During this speech Oakum Head had again made a diversion with the skirmishers, and had again withdrawn.

The Uncommercial Traveler ventured to remark that he supposed Chief Refractory and Number One to be the two young women who had been taken before the magistrate?

"Yes!" said the Chief, "we har! and the wonder is, that a pleeseman an't 'ad in now, and we took off agen. You can't open your lips here without a pleeseman."

Number Two laughed (very uvularly), and the skirmishers followed suit.

"I'm sure I'd be thankful," protested the Chief, looking sideways at the Uncommercial, "if I could be got into a place, or got abroad. I'm sick and tired of this precious Ouse, I am, with reason."

So would be, and so was, Number Two. So would be, and so was, Oakum Head. So would be, and so were, Skirmishers.

The Uncommercial took the liberty of hinting that he hardly thought it probable that any lady or gentleman in want of a likely young domestic of retiring manners, would be tempted into the engagement of either of the two leading Refractories, on her own presentation of herself as per sample.

"It ain't no good being nothink else here," said the Chief.

The Uncommercial thought it might be worth trying.

"Oh no, it ain't," said the Chief.

"Not a bit of good," said Number Two.

"And I'm sure I'd be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad," said the Chief.

"And so should I," said Number Two. "Truly thankful I should."

Oakum Head then rose, and announced as an entirely new idea, the mention of which profound novelty might be naturally expected to startle her unprepared hearers, that she would be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad. And as if she had then said, "Chorus, ladies!" all the Skirmishers struck up to the same purpose. We left them, thereupon, and began a long, long walk among the women who were simply old and infirm; but whenever, in the course of this same walk, I looked out of any high window that commanded the yard, I saw Oakum Head and all the other Refractories looking out at their low window for me, and never failing to catch me, the moment I showed my head.

In ten minutes I had ceased to believe in such fables of a golden time as youth, the prime of life, or a hale old age. In ten minutes all the lights of womankind seemed to have been blown out, and nothing in that way to be left this vault to brag of, but the flickering and expiring snuffs.

And what was very curious was, that these dim old women had one company notion which was the fashion of the place. Every old woman who became aware of a visitor and was not in bed hobbled over a form into her accustomed seat, and became one of a line of dim old women confronting another line of dim old women across a narrow table. There was no obligation whatever upon them to range themselves in this way; it was their manner of "receiving." As a rule, they made no attempt to talk to one another, or to look at the visitor, or to look at any thing, but sat silently working their mouths like a sort of poor old Cows.

Among the bedridden there was great patience, great reliance on the books under the pillow, great faith in God. All cared for sympathy, but none much cared to be encouraged with hope of recovery; on the whole, I should say, it was considered rather a distinction to have a complication of disorders, and to be in a worse way than the rest. From some of the windows the river could be seen with all its life and movement; the day was bright, but I came upon no one who was looking out.

In one large ward, sitting by the fire in arm-chairs of distinction, like the President and Vice of the good company, were two old women upward of ninety years of age. The younger of the two, just turned ninety, was deaf, but not very, and could easily be made to hear. In her early time she had nursed a child, who was now another old woman, more infirm than herself, inhabiting the very same chamber. She perfectly understood this when the matron told it, and, with sundry nods and motions of her forefinger, pointed out the woman in question. The elder of this pair, ninety-three, seated before an illustrated newspaper (but not reading it), was a bright-eyed old soul, really not deaf, wonderfully preserved, and amazingly conversational. She had not long lost her husband, and had been in that place little more than a year. At Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, this poor creature would have been individually addressed, would have been tended in her own room, and would have had her life gently assimilated to a comfortable life out of doors. Would that be much to do in England for a woman who has kept herself out of a work-house more than ninety rough long years? When Britain first, at Heaven's command, arose, with a great deal of allegorical confusion, from out the azure main, did her guardian angels positively forbid it in the Charter which has been so much be-sung?

Now I reasoned with myself, as I made my journey home again, concerning those Foul wards. They ought not to exist; no person of common decency and humanity can see them and doubt it. But what is this Union to do? The necessary alteration would cost several thousands of pounds; it has already to support three work-houses; its inhabitants work hard for their bare lives, and are already rated for the relief of the Poor to the utmost extent of reasonable endurance. One poor parish in this very Union is rated to the amount of FIVE AND SIXPENCE in the pound, at the very same time when the rich parish of Saint George's, Hanover Square, is rated at about SEVENPENCE in the pound, Paddington at about FOURPENCE, Saint James's, Westminster, at about TENPENCE! It is only through the equalization of Poor Rates that what is left undone in this wise can be done. Much more is left undone, or is ill-done, than I have space to suggest in these notes of a single uncommercial journey; but the wise men of the East, before they can reasonably hold forth about it, must look to the North and South and West; let them also, any morning before taking the seat of Solomon, look into the shops and dwellings all around the Temple, and first ask themselves "How much more can these poor people—many of whom keep themselves with difficulty enough out of the work-house—bear?"

I had yet other matter for reflection, as I journeyed home, inasmuch as, before I altogether departed from the neighborhood of Mr. Baker's trap, I had knocked at the gate of the work-house of St. George's-in-the-East, and had found it to be an establishment highly creditable to those parts, and thoroughly well administered by a most intelligent master. I remarked in it an instance of the collateral harm that obstinate vanity and folly can do. "This was the Hall where those old paupers, male and female, whom I had just seen, met for the Church service, was it?"—"Yes."—"Did they sing the Psalms to any instrument?"—"They would like to very much; they would have an extraordinary interest in doing so."—"And could none be got?"—"Well, a piano could even have been got for nothing, but these unfortunate dissensions led to objection."—Ah! better, far better, my Christian friend in the beautiful garment, to have let the singing boys alone, and left the multitude to sing for themselves! You should know better than I, but I think I have read that they did so, once upon a time, and that "when they had sung a hymn," Some one (not in a beautiful garment) went up unto the Mount of Olives.

It made my heart ache to think of this miserable trifling, in the streets of a city where every stone seemed to call to me, as I walked along, "Turn this way, man, and see what waits to be done!" So I decoyed myself into another train of thought to ease my heart. But I don't know that I did it, for I was so full of paupers, that it was, after all, only a change to a single pauper, who took possession of my remembrance instead of a thousand.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he had said, in a confidential manner, on another occasion, taking me aside, "but I have seen better days."

"I am very sorry to hear it."

"Sir, I have a complaint to make against the master."

"I have no power here, I assure you. And if I had—"

"But allow me, Sir, to mention it, as between yourself and a man who has seen better days, Sir. The master and myself are both masons, Sir, and I make him the sign continually; but because I am in this unfortunate position, Sir, he won't give me the countersign!"

SUSA WHITE'S COSSET.

Whoever visits "y^{e} antient towne" of Windham, Connecticut, will not fail to observe just on the outskirts of the village, on the road leading northward, a dark, decaying wooden house, standing back a little from the highway in a weedy neglected garden. A stone-walled lane, guarded, not shaded by a giant sycamore, opens to the southern entrance of that old mansion, known to all the dwellers round as the "White Parsonage House."

More than a hundred years has that house been standing, gathering moss and mould from the elements. More than a hundred years since those blackened walls were bright and new, and the hoary sycamore was a young tree, planted by the hands of the youthful minister and his bride, the lovely Mary Dyer.

But the bride and the bridegroom, with their sons and daughters, all passed away in their time, leaving, as they departed one by one, darker shadows in their familiar places, and a deeper silence upon their dwelling. I can just remember when the last of these, an aged woman clothed in black, was seen at evening walking in the garden before the house where great golden sun-flowers, and cuproses, African marigolds and princess' feathers—flowers beloved and cherished by the old black serving-woman Creusa—were all that remained of the blossoms her mother had loved and planted. That same old woman in black was a bright-eyed, fair-haired, sunny-hearted little maiden once; the pet of the parson's household, the pride of his parish; named for her great-great-grandmother who came over in the *May Flower*. Not of the lonely old woman, the last of her family, am I going to write now, but of little Susa White, whom my grandmother used to tell me about sometimes when I asked her for a story.

Early in the spring of 1774, a farmer, living in the eastern section of the town of Windham, carried into his house one cold, stormy morning, a young lamb whose dam had perished in the storm. The poor little thing was chilled and almost dead. He laid it on the kitchen hearth, and his wife wrapped it carefully in a warm flannel blanket. When it gave signs of life, she put into its mouth some warmed milk, and rubbed it tenderly, until it licked her hands, and bleated in answer to her caresses.

"What can I do with it?" she asked her husband, when he came to dinner. "'Tis a nice lamb, as white as snow; but with the prospect just now before us, I sha'n't have much time to raise cossets: for when the 'Sons of Liberty' are called to the field the women will have to raise the bread."

"That's a sartin fact, Amy," replied her husband, "and the time is at hand! I couldn't bear to leave the little critter to die, though. I'll tell you what we *will* do with it, wife! There's the minister's little gal, who comes out here sometimes, and who seems to have a great liking for pets; we'll jest keep it a few days till it gits strong and lively, and then carry it to her. She'll like it, I know."

Farmer Carey was not at all mistaken in this conjecture. The bright eyes of Susa White were brighter than ever the morning when the new pet was carried to the parsonage. Its coat, she declared, was softer than silk and whiter than snow! She would take the very best care of it, and keep it until it was an old sheep. Her father, who was consulted about a name, advised her to give the lamb no *fancy* name, but to call it Nebuchadnezzar, because some day it would have to eat grass like the old King of Babylon. Susa thought it rather a hard name, but said that Nebby or Neb would do very well.

So that afternoon, when the parson was fast asleep in his study, she put a wreath of starry dandelions around the cosset's neck, and sent Kate, the little servant-girl, to call some of the neighboring children. She then led it to the great wooden trough which stood running over beside the well, and dipping her hand into the singular font, said, in tones grave as the Sunday tones of her father, "This lamb's name shall be Nebby," at the same time sprinkling his white, woolly head. Neb was not at all pleased with the ceremony; for he shook off the cold drops, and stamped his feet at his young mistress, to the great amusement of the children, particularly of little Kate, who said, "White woolly didn't like being ''tized' any better than a darkey!"

Neb grew famously, and soon became as great a pet, almost, in the village as his mistress. Susa White's lamb was privileged to go any where he pleased, nibbling either grass or flowers as best suited his taste.

That was one of the pleasantest springs of Susa White's life, though a season of sore perplexity and darkness to the older and wiser in heart. From north to south there was a fluttering of wings for freedom. Act after act of oppression had roused the incipient nation to a trial of its strength. The American army was not then organized, but association was the order of the day, and the watch-word of all was "Liberty." Enough had been heard of the absolute power of Parliament; the colonies were no longer afraid to stand up boldly and declare, "The People have rights, and only Heaven is supreme!" Such was every where the state of feeling when the infamous act for closing the port of Boston reached that patriot city. The King had declared his determination to starve his subjects into unreserved submission.

It was the tenth of May when the Port Act was received, and tidings of it were wafted speedily as possible from town to town, and from colony to colony. Sections traversed by stage-coaches were favored at that era, for the coaches had always the latest news from the seat of disaffection, and news was what the people of all ages and rank waited and expected with the greatest anxiety.

Long before the hour for the weekly stage a group of men might have been seen collecting around the old Stanniford Tavern in Windham, discoursing on the one subject of common interest to all. From the court-house and from the counter, from the work-shop and from the plow, they came, eager to catch the first sound of the driver's horn, and to hear the rattling of the heavy wheels down the eastern hill. Women with children in their arms stood at the doors to look out at the four-horse vehicle, and prisoners in the gloomy old jail gazed through their grated windows to watch it as it passed.

"There she comes!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once from the tavern stoop. "I hear her on the top of Zion's Hill! Smith toots loudly to-day. He's got news—no mistake about it!"

Blowing his horn most vigorously, the driver came dashing down the dusty road, his fine horses scarcely touching the ground over which they passed. Beautifully they described their circle in front of the stage-house, bringing the coach-door and the ladies' entrance in a moment side by side. While the driver, with one hand, was guiding his team through their well-known figure, with the other he scattered a handful of papers amidst the by-standers: copies of the Boston Port-bill, edged with black in token of mourning; also an appeal from the citizens of Boston, asking counsel and aid of the sister colonies in their time of trial. Sad news this from "good old Boston"—for Boston, then as now, was the pride of New England.

Before the coach was started again on its way to Hartford the bills were posted all over the village; one on the great elm before the tavern door—the same tree on which the jolly little Bacchus sat for so many long years astride his tun; a second was secured to another large elm a little farther to the north; a third to the whipping-post, which stood on the meeting-house corner; and the fourth to the court-house door. Before night they were sent to the most remote sections of the town, and all true Windhamites pledged themselves not only to make common cause with the suffering colony, but to wage perpetual warfare against tyranny.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Parson White—who, like most of the New England clergy of his time, was a flaming patriot—carried the subject with him into the pulpit, and made a most earnest appeal for their brave, suffering brethren. He recounted all they had done and all they had suffered since that first odious Revenue Act had spread consternation and alarm throughout all the land; he spoke with enthusiasm of their resistance of the Stamp Act, and of the course they had pursued in regard to the *tea* question, for which they were now suffering the vengeance of the British Parliament, and being branded as "the chief of rebels." In conclusion, he exhorted them, as men who loved their fellow-men, to concert some measure for carrying what aid they were able to the beleaguered city.

There was no lack of attention on the part of the parson's audience that day, no nightmare of election hung on his words; it was a rousing call to action, such as the heart of man both loves and approves in things temporal and spiritual. The weakest intellect in the house could comprehend the subject and its requirements; and before the discourse was ended many were calculating what they could spare from their own immediate necessities. Poor little Susa White, as she turned her eyes for a moment from her father's high pulpit toward the door, and caught sight of Neb standing with his front feet on the sill, chewing his cud, and looking so sleek and handsome, felt for the first time the appeal directed to herself. Her bright eyes quickly filled with tears. "Poor Nebby!" she thought, sorrowfully, "I can not give *him* up. He would not make a mouthful for so many, if I did. He's all the pet I've got, and I promised good Deacon Carey to keep him until he was a great sheep." This last reflection was a momentary soother.

As soon as the blessing was pronounced she hastened to the door, feeling very sorry that Neb should have been foolish enough to show himself there that afternoon. "Every body will be saying now, 'There's one of the minister's little gals has got a nice fat cosset which she can spare as well as not!' I know they will—and well they may, too; but then, I can't give him up. Poor Nebby!"

Nebby, wholly unconscious of what was passing in the mind of his youthful mistress, frisked around her as usual, licking her little ungloved hands, and testifying his joy in the best way he could at her release.

"He's grown famously," said old Mr. Tinker. "He'd make a fine roaster!"

"I guess he won't," said Susa, in an under tone, bending over as if to pet the lamb, but in reality to hide her tears. "Savage old man, isn't he, Neb?"

No one could speak to the lamb or pet him that night as usual but Susa fancied they were thinking she ought to lay him on the altar of her country and humanity, when such a thought never entered the mind of a single one of her father's parishioners. On the contrary, they would, one and all, have protested against so great a sacrifice on the part of their little favorite. It was the voice of her own conscience speaking to little Susa White, and the voice of humanity also, asking the sacrifice of her pet lamb.

A town meeting was called immediately to deliberate on what should be done, and how soon. The Port Bill was to take effect the 1st of June, and then from many hundreds of the poorer citizens would arise a daily cry for food, for the hands of industry were most effectually bound. There was a grand rally from every quarter of the town on the day appointed for the meeting. The old meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there was no lack of zeal or enthusiasm. A number of young men expressed their determination to offer their services to the blockaded city in case of outbreak, and to do it in person. These would bear whatever contribution their fellow town's-people had to offer. The galleries were full of women and children eager to hear and see all that was said or done, and some of the former of these had a widow's mite to add to the offering.

"Sally Lincoln says her brother is going to volunteer," whispered Susa White to her older sister. "I should hate to have our Dyer, shouldn't you?"

"No, indeed," was the speedy response; "I should be ashamed of him if he wouldn't, if there was any need of him. I'll teach him to fire a gun myself if nobody else will!"

"But he might be killed, you know," said Susa, shudderingly, "like those young men father told us about last evening at Gray's rope-walk."

"Well, that's a patriot's privilege, Susa. There's no use in holding back the purchase-money when once the field is to be bought. I only wish I were a man myself to help drive every British officer out of Boston!"

"Oh dear! every body is braver and more generous than I," thought Susa, bending down her head thoughtfully. "There's the poor Widow Lincoln, whose oldest son has offered to go, has just given a sheep. Maybe she brought it up by hand, and likes it as much as I like Nebby. Then she is a poor woman with ever so many little children to take care of. I saw her wipe her eyes just now; but then I think it was because Nathan is going away, and not the sheep."

The galleries were beginning to be cleared, but Susa White lingered; for she had not yet learned the full amount of the contribution. It was not long, however, before Mr. Solomon Huntington, who was moderator, gave notice that two hundred and fifty-seven sheep and lambs were then on the paper ready for delivery. The young men who had volunteered to drive them would be ready to start the next day at noon. If there was no more business before the meeting they would adjourn.

Then Susa went down and stationed herself a little way from the front door to wait for her father. Nebby was not there; she had taken the precaution to shut him up in the stable before leaving home, lest his fat body should excite farther remark. Her father came out at last, talking with one of their neighbors. She went and put her hand in his softly, and looked up in his face to attract his attention.

"What's the matter, Susa? what do you want?" he asked, in a careless way.

"To give Nebby to the patriots," she said, bursting into tears.

Mr. White stood regarding his little daughter for a moment without uttering a word. His companion turned away to wipe a tear from his eye. Every body in town knew the child's fondness for her pet.

"So you wish to send Neb to the hungry children of Boston, do you?" her father inquired at last. "I am glad you are willing to make a sacrifice for the good of others, my daughter! 'The liberal soul shall be made fat.'"

"I want you to speak to Deacon Carey about it," she said, "for he may think strange." And again the child's feelings were too much for her.

"A cause that has not only the 'widow's mite,' but the infant's sacrifice, will be prospered of the Lord, Sir, and no mistake," said Colonel Dyer. "Let the women and children work with us, malt the barley, and dry the sage; leaving alone the tea and the coffee and the foreign gewgaws, and the Old Country will come to her senses by-and-by!" Then, while the minister went back to add the last gift to the roll, he laid his hand caressingly on Susa's head, and said, "You have a brave, generous heart, my dear little girl!"

Susa only shook her head in reply. She did not speak all the way home; and when they reached the lane, perceiving some children there who had come to play with her and Nebby, she ran along to the orchard gate, slipped through, and was soon lost sight of amidst the thick trees.

Not a word was said in Susa's presence about her offering that night; but at the breakfast table next morning her father told her that Mr. Tinker had been over to offer to send one of his sheep in place of hers. It was the same old man who had spoken to her about Nebby on the way from church, and whom she had suspected of sinister motives.

"Good old man!" she exclaimed, with a quivering lip; "I am ashamed, because I thought so hard of him." Then she frankly confessed what feelings possessed her when he praised her lamb. But she would not allow him to redeem Nebby. He was a poor man, whose children were obliged to go out to work, and she knew he could not afford it. She had given the lamb, and she would not take it back; for when Susa had fully made up her mind there was no shrinking from its decision of right; and then, the minister's children were every one as stanch patriots as their father.

Every member of the family, except little black Kate, approved the child's sacrifice. She stamped, and screamed, and pulled away at her stout tow frock with a vigor which would have been destruction to a modern fabric, when she heard that Neb, her own pet as well as Miss Susa's, was to be driven away to Boston.

"Massa White's folks on'y got one little sheep," she said; "ebery body else got a heap on 'em. Ole Wobetic Mountain all alive wid 'em—good enuff sheep, too, to be eaten. They wanted Neb thar own self!"

But though Kate's demonstration sorely affected the children, not a voice was heard pleading for their dumb favorite.

"Never mind about it, Susa," said her brother Dyer. "I'll catch a rabbit for you this fall, when I go a-nutting, and a gray squirrel too. We can keep them in the house all winter, and feed them on walnuts. Molly has promised to learn me to fire a gun, and in two years more I shall be fourteen; then, if the British don't look out, I shall be after them. I ain't a coward, Susa. Hurrah for liberty! Never mind a sheep. I'd send the Boston folks a dozen of 'em if I only had 'em, 'cause I like their spunk."

Before noon the farmers came driving in their flocks, and the volunteers were ready for the long march. *Two hundred and fifty-eight sheep*—a noble offering from one small country town! Susa White's lamb was conspicuous amidst the flock, for his white coat had been carefully washed that morning, for the last time, at the wooden trough beside the well, and a garland of green leaves was fastened around his neck.

"That is the way the old heathen used to dress up their victims, Susa," said her brother. "I don't know about father's letting a Christian sheep go off in that shape."

But Parson White found no fault with the garland; he thought only of the altar on which the victim was to be laid.

All the children in the village followed the flock up the eastern hill, very proud of their donation, and prouder of the young heroes who accompanied it—the first volunteers for freedom. Susa White was with them, feeling very much like crying for Nebby, until she saw her little schoolmate, Sallie Lincoln, bravely trying to say a cheerful "Good-by" to her brother.

In about two weeks the Boston stage brought a grateful message to the citizens of Windham for their ready aid and sympathy. Theirs was the *earliest donation from Connecticut*—the earliest, save one, beyond the colony of Massachusetts.

Mr. Bancroft has made honorable mention of this fact in his "History of the American Revolution;" but as the donors' names have nowhere been chronicled, we offer to the public the above tradition of Susa White's cosset.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner
IN
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

THE inner door of the room opened, and Nora came stealing in with airy gentleness, thinking that her father still was asleep. She had been dressing for a walk; and her face was bright with a happy beautifulness, such as she had a right to feel, having done every womanly duty that lay before her for the father who made her household, and being now about to go out, and run, ramble, muse, and play the unconscious poet as her list, in God's dear life-giving meadows, under his glad, voiceful, blue sky. A gipsy hat of daintiest Leghorn—kept bright by loving use, though it had seen several generations of the paternal head-coverings—sat perched like a pleasant, great bird on her shining, low-brought hair, a little jauntily inclined to one side, as if, while it shadowed her with its wings, it would also kiss her pearly cheek stooping down in the summer winds afield. And under this affectionate shade those clear, truthful blue eyes of hers looked out lovingly, like twin wells in the virgin forest, which have never reflected any bad face, any harmful thing; aught that lives save the happy sky, the birds, and the tree-tops. Oh, the beautiful, beautiful girl! She leaned down once more to kiss her father, and saw that he was not asleep, but that his hands were clasped over his eyes, and the tears were stealing through his fingers. "Oh father, dear father! what is the matter?" she exclaimed, half-terrified, and gently trying to remove his hands that she might see his face. Then she bent over him, sitting down by his side, and kissed him again and again.

"Oh, Nora! Nora!" sobbed the old man, "I have been—very—hasty—and have done something very wrong—very passionate!"

"What is it, darling? Please tell *me*, won't you?"

"Oh, I have grieved our kind friend, Mr. Green; I ordered him out of the door, and he will always be angry with me, he will never be the friend he has been any more! And after what he has done for us, after what he has done this very day for me! Look there!"

And John Manton held out his foot to show Nora Luke Green's present, and then relapsed into childish sorrow.

The blood came, mantling Nora's cheek close up to the border of her brown hair, and her eyes drooped for an instant with a look that was displeasure and shame, but both well under rein. And then she said, sadly, "Don't let us receive any more presents from Mr. Green, if you had just as lief, father dear. When I was a little girl, it began, you know, with books and such small things; even then I was ashamed to take them; it was always pain to me not to answer, No, I thank you; and many a time I have felt as if I wanted to put them out of sight, because it grieved me to look at these witnesses of—well, I won't say *irksome* obligation, for he has been kind to my dear father, but obligation, at any rate."

"Doesn't he always seem as much obliged as we, dear?"

"Yes, darling father, he *seems* so, but you know he *isn't*. Look all about this room, for instance. There is a picture; here is an epergne; there's a book there, a card-table here; why, we never can be able to repay him! And now that I am a young lady, now that I am your little eighteen-year-older, as you call me, you know"—and she kissed the old man's forehead with affectionate playfulness—"don't you have a sort of feeling that it isn't right, not lady-like, not womanly for me to have such benefits bestowed on this dear little family of mine, when I can never pay them back in any way?"

"Perhaps Luke Green doesn't think so."

"Think what, dear?"

"That there is no way in which you can pay them back."

"What *do* you mean, my dear father?"

"You know that I have not very long to live, at the utmost that can be hoped but a very few years, and then when I leave you all alone, who—"

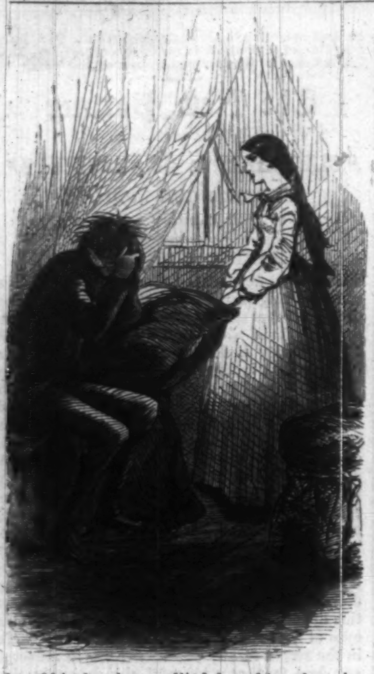
"Father!" The young girl started, and threw back her hat upon her shoulders, as if its string had choked her. And with her face all aglow, her eyes brimming, and her voice trembling, she continued, visibly controlling herself lest she should quite break down.

"And is all this my price? My father! oh, my father! Am I worth so little to you, then, that you are willing these things, these miserable things, should buy me? Oh! oh! that they had never entered that door; that they never had come, bringing this wrong, this curse with them, of a separation between you and me—a separation by my purchase! *Dear* father! let me stay and be your handmaid, your servant!"

And with an unconscious pathos Nora knelt, holding her father's hand upon her heart. And the poor old man wept again.

"Forgive me," she went on to say, "if I grieve you speaking so strongly; but these thoughts break my heart: yes, and these presents too. What has been done this afternoon to hurt your feelings, what has been said that made you angry? Tell me, darling: I know it wasn't *your* fault; how did he offend you?"

John Manton, roused by the magnetic sympa-



thy of his daughter, rallied from his exhaustion and granted her request. In detail he related the occurrences of the afternoon. With the faithfulness of an echo he told Nora all that Luke Green had said of her—of Ernest Beckford. And when at last, stung by the memory of the insult, and shaking his fist as he repeated it, with somewhat of the original courage which had met the exigency, he said, "And now, do you wonder at my turning him out of the door?" He was surprised to hear no response from Nora, and, looking up into her face, beheld it marble-white, the eyes fixed, the lips bloodless and half apart, while a strange shuddering ran through her shoulders, and she seemed like one who has been too frightened by a dreadful spectacle, and feels the scream which would tell her terror frozen at her heart.

"Nora! Nora! daughter! what is the matter with you?" exclaimed the old man, now alarmed, with good reason, in his turn.

"I do not think I will go out to walk to-day," she said, in a slow, dreamy utterance; "I am not very well—I shall do better to go and lie down a little while. But it will pass over. Oh yes, it will pass over."

"Can't I help you? Let me support you; you ain't able to get up stairs alone."

"Oh yes! I'm quite strong—see, I can walk as briskly as ever! I will be down again in time for tea: do you go to sleep again, dear, and don't be alarmed. You need to sleep."

Again she pressed a kiss on her father's mournful brow, and casting on him one quick, loving look, which was all her heart had time to give, between the throes of its dire pain-wrestle, she almost bounded out of the room, up the stairs, and into her own little bedchamber. Once in, and she locked the door noiselessly, then fell upon her knees at her bedside, saying only, "O God! O God!"

With her face buried in her hands, and perfectly motionless, she knelt quite passive to her thoughts, crushed down by their massive freshet, and hardly sure whether it was of herself she was thinking, or of some poor girl elsewhere, who had suffered a great calamity. There was heart-sickness; there was fearful astonishment; there was uprooting of heavenly hopes that had grown gloriously since their deep first planting; there was a despair of all things in this world; there was an awful insidious question that would not go into exile, "Does *God* know? Does *God* care? But were all these in her soul or another? Were they grief, or were they pity?"

As if to steady herself on something strong and free, Nora arose, dreamily went to the window, and looked out into the high, wide summer sky—type of all glad, great hearts; with clouds floating through it that change, but itself changing never! And there was one soul, or her ideal of one soul, whom this sky had alway called to her mind. Like him, it was pure and ever gladsome; stainless, chainless, trustworthy; full of all high hopes, suggestions, promises. Ah! to her soul his had been the all-surrounding heaven! Sunny by day, by night starry; tinging all thought, next to God!

"Ernest Beckford! Ernest!"—she repeated, looking far off across the fields to one well-remembered spot by the brook-side—"Ernest!" and she paused, not willing immediately, even in question, to link that name to the next thoughts. "Burglar—thief—forger—seducer! O God! be pitiful to a poor girl that hath nowhere to go but to thee; no one to ask, no one to counsel her. Tell me—oh tell me! Show me, if need be, some sign in heaven—something that will not lie—that I may be sure; for my heart is breaking!"

No—no sign in the sky came to Nora Manton. But, just for that moment, the sky itself seemed to swoon and blacken in sympathy with her soul. For suddenly, as by the fiend's own trumpet of resurrection, there arose and stood before her an appalling memory—a memory sweet in its birth, but terrible, terrible in its new life, its return under a new guise of interpretation. The night she first saw Ernest Beckford, where was he? How did he meet her? In the counting-room, after bank hours—long after—for it was eleven o'clock at night. And how had he come in thither? Plainly by the same key with which he locked the outer-door when he left her. Yes, he had carried a key which could admit him at any time. And what right had a second book-keeper—one of the most slightly attached of all the officers to the permanent interests of the Bank—what right had he to such a key? Who ever heard of such a one having it? And again sounded through her brain those dreadful names, "Burglar, thief, defaulter!" "O God! O God! have mercy on me!" again cried the poor girl, thrown once more upon her knees by the window, in her wrestle with this maddening suspicion.

Had he died—had he, in all his untarnished nobleness, come drifting to her feet on some river tide, and, leaning down, she had drawn him out cold, pale, drowned; had aught befallen him that was medicable by patience, by effort, by prayer! Were it captivity, she could have traveled land and sea to sit down at his dungeon-door and work for his ransom; were it long wasting sickness, night and day she could have nursed and watched him until she received him at God's hand, or herself lain down to rest beside him on the Infinite arms! Were it aught that men call bad in fortune—oh! the ineffable desirableness of any thing, or all of these, compared with her hearing him called—she could not say—think, those words again!

And as the pang of these thoughts grew sharper her perception became more intense, and every littlest spot upon the floor, every mote that floated in the sunshine past her window, every thing was noticed, and left a distinct, painful impression on a mind melted like wax in the fire of trouble. And each object brought its suggestion, its reminiscence. Sitting by this window, how often had she thought of *him* within the last few weeks, with her eyes fixed on one luxuriant Persian lilac which blossomed just by the garden wall. It had become dear to her because her eyes rested on its sweet, wealthy pillow of purple when her heart was reposing on such delicious reveries. And now it seemed as if each delicate trumpet of all those overladen spikes of blossom were plainly visible by itself, and had its own faint, funereal strain—audible to the heart, if not to the ear. Looking beyond the little grassy slope and terraced parterre below it, which formed the garden of the Bank, her eyes caught a glimpse of the brook, revealed between thick alder clumps. In the sun it shone like a pool of gold. The serpentine line which it described, backward up into the meadows, was invisible by reason of the high grass and shrubbery that fringed its banks. Yet Nora from childhood knew all its windings, and by her mind's eye followed up the stream toward its head, but stopped at a certain rock, above whose jutting foot a little eddy spun lazily forever, dimple chasing dimple all the summer's day. Once more she stooped down and drew a small paper-boat ashore from the grass-roots against which it lay water-logged, and seeing handwriting therein, spread it open, with a quickened beating of the heart, to read—

"All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to one other. From the bosom out of whose life he came he goes voyaging wearily, painfully, and rest he hath none, until he comes to the bosom with whose life he is to be one for evermore. Ernest—Nora."

As if a great shadow had been lifted from her eyes—as if that sign for which she had asked Heaven had suddenly dawned forth in the inner sky of her heart—Nora arose and felt at peace. No other proof than this little stranded boat, her own, with all its freight of beautiful hope, by right of salvage, had she that Ernest *loved* her. She knew that in his eyes she had always seen the same electrical sparkle of glad surprise that her heart felt when they met. She knew that he never spoke aught to her the few times that they had been in society together, in flattery, in badinage, in surface-talk, that he came to her with such an earnestness as characterized his manner to none else, that he spoke to her of deeps within his heart such as men seldom descend into in a woman's presence, but never had his lips told her any thing like the burden which that little boat carried. Yet in her heart she knew that she loved Ernest Beckford, giving him the passionate first-fruits of a soul that has just crossed the threshold and come to the altar of the holily beautiful temple of Womanhood. This she knew, and the Spirit that takes care of such as she, told her through her fresh, unblunted woman-instinct, that the man who launched that little paper pinnace was worthy—was able to give her back love for love.

"God and Ernest forgive me!" were the first words she spoke. And for the first time now she wept—wept tenderly and quietly. Not such tears as might have come to her fevered eyes a moment before—like hot and bitter springs of brine boiling up among the dryness of desert sand, but tears that seemed rather to fall from above on her blue eyes as the dew from heaven upon thirsty violets—a life-bringing overflow from the upper exhaustless fountains. Through these refreshed eyes of hers she looked out and saw all things new; the very cloud-vail of her tears had a sweet faith-rainbow in it, and all distrust was washed out of her heart like dust from parched and rained-on leaves.

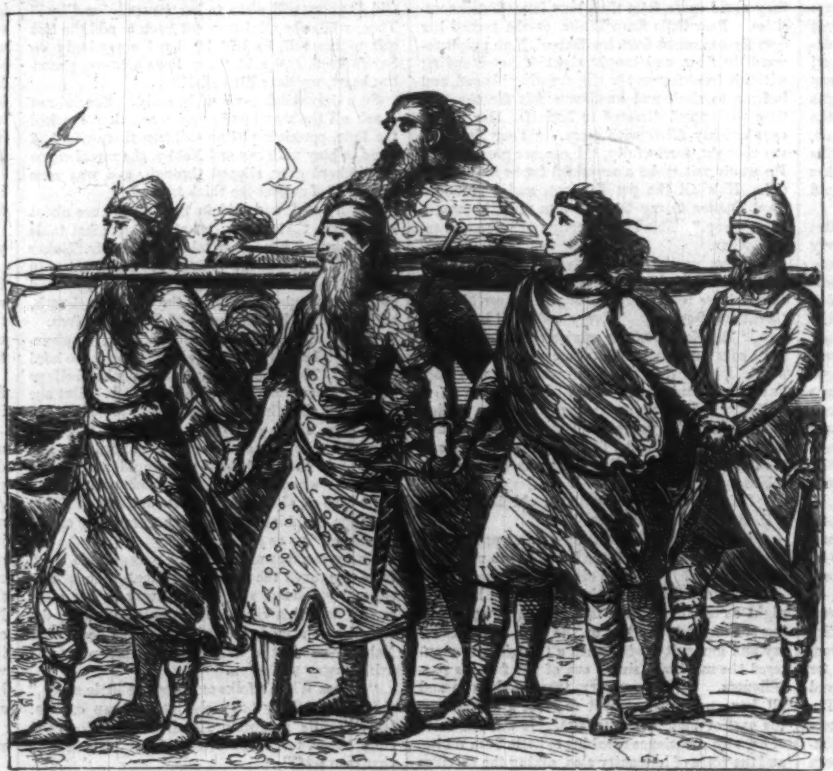
"He is not false to God," she said in her heart, calmly; "he is not false to himself—to the thought of him that I have cherished day and night so long—the thought that has grown beautiful and great until it has overshadowed all other things in my soul, and made them rills to water its roots. The whole world may forsake him, yet will not I! He may be taken to prison or to death—all tongues may speak him ill—all faces that can look into his noble eyes and then laugh at him, may laugh! I can wipe off with one tear of mine all scorn of theirs that his proud fair forehead can not shed, and, O God! if thou wilt give—if thou hast given—his love to me, I will kiss his heart into patience, into hope, through his dear lips! He *is* pure! He *is* true! Ernest! as God liveth, I will never—never—*never* leave thee nor forsake thee!"

She knelt once more, no longer in the silence of an unutterable anguish, but the silence of a God-steadied soul, prepared to meet the worst in the jointless panoply of Faith. Luke Green—a weak, sick, childish, old father—all the talk, the thought, the action of that vague Protean monster which we call the World—the direst, ugly-looking suspicions—were on one side, Nora Manton would put her hand in Ernest Beckford's and stand on the other, under the shadowing wings of God's angel-daughter, Faith, which is standing with God."

And I have noticed that it is not an unhappy thing, this standing in a minority of two or three when God is one of them.

She knelt in prayer. And having received strength arose, bathed her temples and her eyes, and returned to her father. Returned, too, with so much additional helpful courage and strength beaming from her, that its prodigal largess of overflow being quaffed by the poor old man, exhilarated him into an utter forgetfulness that he had shown Luke Green the door. And all that evening, instead of having the paper read to him and going to sleep, he sat on the back porch and told stories of his boyhood, while, with a brow of chastened cheerfulness and love, Nora sat at his feet, the moon falling on her brown hair.

Such a godlike quality there is in having met the fiend, come he in what shape he may—temptation, doubt, pain, or death—and conquered him by faith, that the good of victory is not a mere selfish benefit, a reward to the soul that has fought, but also makes that soul a centre of new force for other and weaker spirits. With more than enough strength for personal, present living we come out of our gymnasium—with our superfluity we lift every poor sad one that touches us up to a higher level of soul-life. It is, therefore, better to conquer pain than never to have it and float pleasantly with the tide. And so felt Nora Manton, sitting at her father's feet that night listening to stories that pleased *him*, while she did not know at that moment where, under God's wide silvery sky of night, Ernest Beckford was standing—knew only that *God has never been known to desert true souls.*



"PRINCES SEVEN, ENCHAINING HANDS, BEAR THE LIVE HEAD HOMEWARD."—[By Millais.]

THE LEGEND OF THE HEAD OF BRAN.

[Bran was a king of England in the old fabulous British history; and the legend says that Bran's head was cut off by his order, carried by seven Princes to the White Mount, the site of the present Tower of London, and there buried, looking toward France. So long as the head lay there, said the legend, no invasion could come from over sea.]

I.

When the Head of Bran
Was firm on British shoulders,
God made a man!
Cried all beholders.

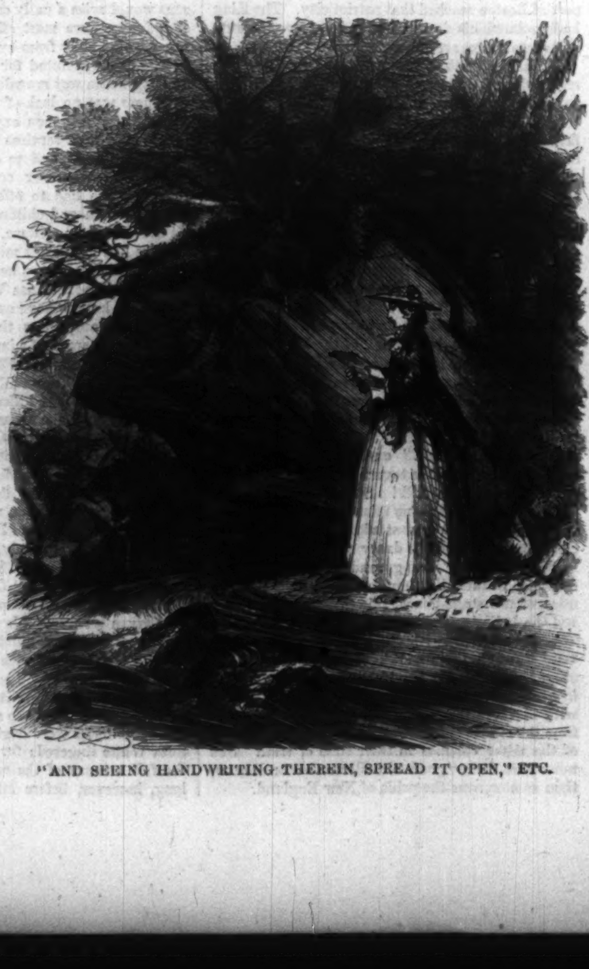
Steel could not resist
The weight his arm would rattle;
He, with naked fist,
Has brain'd a knight in battle.

He march'd on the foe,
And never counted numbers;
Foreign widows know
The hosts he sent to slumbers.

As a street you scan,
That's tower'd by the steeple,
So the Head of Bran
Rose o'er his people.

II.

"Death's my neighbor,"
Quoth Bran the Blest;
"Christian labor
Brings Christian rest.



"AND SEEING HANDWRITING THEREIN, SPREAD IT OPEN," ETC.

From the trunk sever
  The Head of Bran,
That which never
  Has bent to man!

"That which never
  To men has bow'd,
Shall live ever
  To shame the shroud:
Shall live ever
  To face the foe;
Sever it, sever,
  And with one blow.

"Be it written,
  That all I wrought
Was for Britain,
  In deed and thought:
Be it written,
  That, while I die,
Glory to Britain!
  Is my last cry."

III.

Crimson-footed, like the stork,
  From great ruts of slaughter,
Warriors of the Golden Torque,
  Cross the lifting water.
Princes seven, enchaining hands,
  Bear the live head homeward.
Lo! it speaks, and still commands;
  Gazing far out foamward.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART III.

In our drives about the country a favorite point of interest was a mansion of gray stone, that stood isolated and tenantless amidst thick trees that formed a perfect grove around it, and gave the place a dark air of mystery that possessed for me a strange fascination.

Mr. Winneslie always stopped the horse there that I might gaze upon the house as long as I liked; and he had told me laughingly that it was haunted. The almost perpetual twilight made by those trees rendered it a fitting place for the perpetration of a dark deed, and I shuddered as I looked upon it. Well might I shudder, for the trail of the serpent was upon it.

One mild day in March we drove toward the stone house; but as we approached it we saw several workmen busily engaged upon it. Some were altering windows, others were clearing away the rubbish of dead leaves and brushwood that had accumulated around the house, and others were here and there lopping down a tree that obscured the view. These were unmistakable signs of coming occupants; and I felt a pang of regret that the neglected old place which I had looked upon almost as mine should be thus disturbed.

Mr. Winneslie spoke to one of the men, who advanced respectfully to the carriage, and in answer to his inquiries told us that the place was being repaired for the owner, Mrs. Otcheson, who might be expected there some time in May.

"A widow, then?" was the natural query.

"Oh no, Sir!" replied the man, with a peculiar smile, "The lady has a husband."

We did not wish to question the man any further, and drove homeward—talking, as we went, of the place and the new-comers. I felt quite excited upon the subject, but my husband took it more calmly.

Every time that we passed now the house presented some new phase of improvement. One day a tasteful portico had been added—then a bay-window—then a trellis-work for climbing plants. The guiding hand in all these alterations was evidently one of exquisite taste, and I felt considerable curiosity to behold the person whom I at once decided to be Mrs. Otcheson.

Rich plate-glass glittered in all the windows, in place of the little dusty panes, obscured by cobwebs; a beautifully graveled walk wound up from the entrance-gate; and the lawn, entirely cleared of all unsightly obstructions, wore the rich velvet hue of early spring-time.

And one raw afternoon in May, as Mr. Winneslie and I passed the house on foot, returning from a visit to some poor parishioners, we saw that the long windows were draped with rich curtains; and little hands pushed aside the obscuring folds, and bright, dimpled faces looked eagerly out. The wind shook the trees, and scattered cherry-blossoms over the lawn, and delighted voices called out:

"Look, mamma! it snows! It *really* snows!"

We had just concluded that it would not do to be gazing in at other people's windows, when a splendid looking woman looked forth upon the lawn, and laughed merrily at the children's mistake.

I had never seen such a woman before! A beauty perfected by all the refinements of luxury, the advantages of education, and the adornments of wealth. I do not know how long I might have stood there gazing, had not my husband drawn me away; and I thought of her continually until I saw her again.

The next day we passed Mrs. Otcheson in the road, accompanied by a gentleman whom we at once concluded to be her husband. They were a splendid looking couple; she, with her bright, glowing beauty, and he, with his classically-handsome face, pale, as if from suffering, and a melancholy, wearied look, clouding the dark splendor of his eyes.

I glanced at him again—he was *lame;* and I felt the tears coming into my eyes as I raised them to his face. Those dark orbs were bent upon me so earnestly that I withdrew mine in confusion, and the warm color rushed into my face.

The strangers were evidently settled in their new quarters, and it was time for the neighbors to show them some attention. Mr. Winneslie and I were among the first who called, and that visit opened to me an entirely new phase of existence.

The hall door stood wide open; and as we approached a gay figure flitted from the window, and Mrs. Otcheson came forward to receive us.

"The very persons whom I most wish to see!" she exclaimed with an easy grace, seizing me by both hands; "Pardon my freedom, Mr. Winneslie," she continued, "but I always say exactly what I feel."

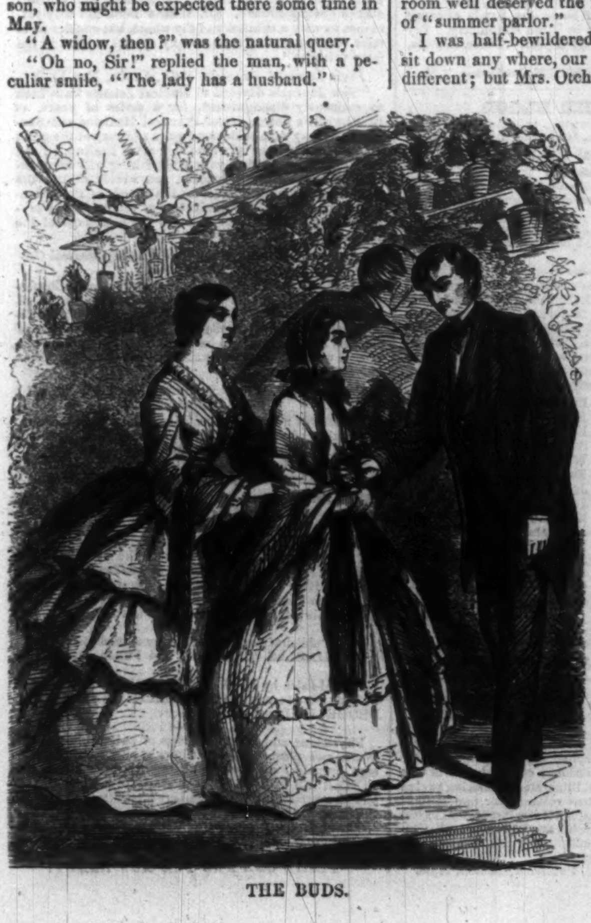
Her manner was caressing in the extreme; and I felt flattered that this beautiful, distinguished-looking woman should treat me with such affectionate consideration.

She ushered us into a room that fairly dazzled my eyes with a perpetual view of crushed flowers. Our feet sank into them on pressing the soft and yielding carpet; lounges, chairs, and sofas seemed strewn with them, and the room well deserved the name bestowed upon it of "summer parlor."

I was half-bewildered, and almost afraid to sit down any where, our plain Parsonage was so different; but Mrs. Otcheson speedily deposited me upon a sofa, and placed herself beside me. She talked so fast that I could scarcely notice her minutely; but I saw her many, *too* many times afterward, and her portrait is distinctly impressed upon my memory.

She was perhaps thirty years of age; not very tall, but decidedly inclined to fullness, and her complexion reminded me of milk and water. I can think of no comparison so appropriate; it had, here and there, the beautiful *blue* tinge produced by the mixture of those liquids, and her neck and shoulders, which she wore very much exposed, were a perfect study. Her face was very like the portraits of Martha Washington taken in her youth, except that the hair and eyes were lighter.

She was dressed in an apricot-colored silk, with a scarf of some cloud-like texture floating away from her shoulders; and her diminutively beautiful hands were covered with gems that seemed, to my inexperienced eye, enough to buy the whole of Meadowbrook.



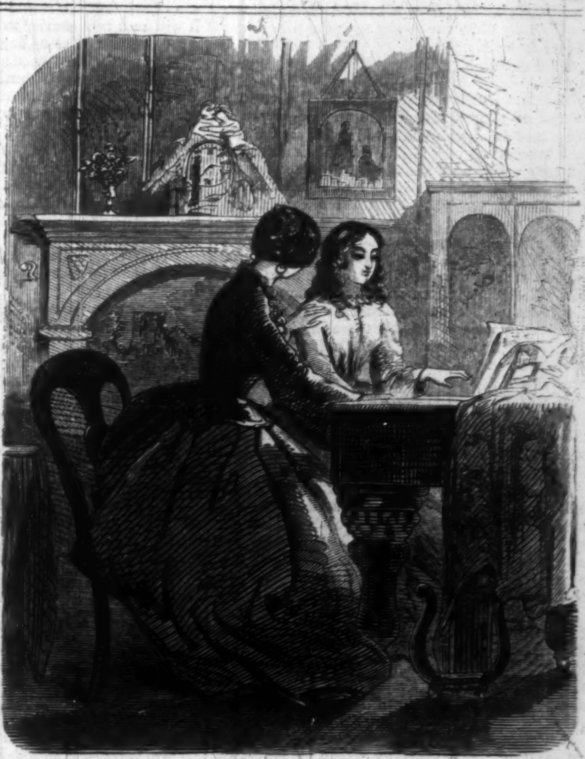
THE BUDS.

There was an air of luxury every where, from Mrs. Otcheson herself to the minutest adornment of the lordly mansion; and I sat in a half-dreamy state, only roused by the discovery that I was being minutely scanned by the smiling eyes of my new acquaintance.

We inquired after Mr. Otcheson. "He did not appear to be in very good health," my husband added.

Mrs. Otcheson looked puzzled for a moment.

"Oh," said she, with a merry laugh (merry laughs were frequent with her), "that was Oscar—my brother, I mean—whom you saw with me the other day. I will show you the conservatory, if it will not fatigue you too much, and probably we shall come across him in our rambles. He is rather sensitive, poor fellow!"



MRS. OTCHESON AT THE PIANO.

We walked through two or three more elegant rooms before we entered the conservatory. It was very spacious, and beautifully fitted up, with a queer little room opening out of it, from which came the sound of children's voices.

A gentleman sat there, surrounded by the bright faces we had seen in the window; and as he turned at our approach, I encountered again those singular eyes that seemed to exercise a magical power over me. I wished to retreat, and managed to get behind my husband, to whom the gentleman was at once introduced as "my brother, Mr. Pendleigh;" and then I was drawn forth from my hiding-place, and my name was pronounced by Mrs. Otcheson in a very indistinct manner.

I turned to the children, in order to conceal my embarrassment; but the pretty little creature whom I was fondling gazed directly in my face, and attracted the attention of the whole party to me by exclaiming:

"Where do you live? You look exactly like the picture of an angel in my story-book!"

Mrs. Otcheson laughed and looked at her brother.

"Harry is practicing pretty speeches early," said she.

"Harry speaks, as all children speak, directly from the heart," replied Mr. Pendleigh, quickly.

He spoke in a low tone, and I am quite sure Mr. Winneslie did not hear him.

Mr. Pendleigh's manner puzzled me extremely. I felt very sorry for him, and very much interested in him; but at the same time I was rather afraid of him. He broke off the choicest buds in the conservatory, which he carried about with him until the moment of our departure, and then they were handed to me with a low bow. I took them mechanically; and then found myself folded in the embrace of Mrs. Otcheson, who said, as she kissed me,

"Now remember that, since you have found the way, you are to run over here very often without ceremony. I am an old married woman, you know, while you have no cares."

This speech, uttered in quite a loud tone, struck me as a little singular. Had she forgotten that I, too, was married? Or did she only refer to her children? Mr. Pendleigh's manner to Mr. Winneslie was respectful in the extreme—reverential, I thought—and my husband appeared very much pleased with him.

Our visit was returned with flattering expedition by Mrs. Otcheson and her brother. "Mr. Otcheson," she said, "was so much immersed in business that he had scarcely time to visit his own family."

Mr. Winneslie had gone out, and I was left to the formidable ordeal of receiving the visitors alone. Mrs. Otcheson evidently saw my embarrassment, and kindly endeavored to relieve it. She praised the Parsonage, admired its situation, and the roses that clustered around the windows; and, finally, she talked herself out into the porch, leaving me to what I particularly dreaded, the strange scrutiny of Mr. Pendleigh's eyes.

He must have perceived that they troubled me, for he suddenly withdrew them, and, much to my surprise, gave vent to the following remark:

"I should think, Miss Winneslie, that you would sometimes feel rather lonely here, even with your father's company?"

"'My father's company?'" I repeated, somewhat bewildered.

"Perhaps," he continued, "he is too much of a student to leave his books very often? I should judge so from his appearance."

"Is it possible," I asked, with a faint glimmering of the truth, "that you supposed Mr. Winneslie to be my father?"

"I did," said he with a smile. "He is your uncle, then?"

"No," I replied, as calmly as possible; "he is my husband."

Mr. Pendleigh started to his feet. The expression of his face frightened me. He stood there looking at me for a moment, and then rushed to the door to meet his sister, who was just entering.

Mrs. Otcheson's face was troubled in a moment; but, passing her arm through her brother's, she desired me to excuse them for a short time, as he had been seized with a sudden illness, from which he would soon recover.

They went out together, and conversed earnestly for a few moments. Then Mrs. Otcheson returned alone. Her brother, she said, had desired her to excuse his abrupt conduct to me; but he was subject to these attacks, which often seized him at most unaccountable seasons. He hoped soon to have the pleasure of making his apology in person.

"What were you saying to Oscar just as I came in?" inquired my visitor. "It seemed to be a very animated conversation."

"We were talking of Mr. Winneslie, my husband," I replied. "Mr. Pendleigh, it appears, supposed him to be my father."

"*Your husband!*" exclaimed Mrs. Otcheson, with a little start. "Is he really your husband?"

"Did you not know this?" I asked, abruptly, for something in Mrs. Otcheson's manner engendered the suspicion that this was all acting.

She smiled at what she called "my naiveness," and replied, guardedly, that one would not be led to form such a supposition from my appearance.

"But how could this have happened?" continued the lady. "Forgive my freedom, but you are such a mere child—were you left to Mr. Winneslie's guardianship when an infant, or were you rescued by him from some dreadful death—or what *could* possibly have brought you two together?"

"Neither," I replied, proudly, my lip quivering at the recollection of all my husband's tenderness. "I was a poor, oppressed orphan, struggling as an ill-paid teacher for my daily bread, and to Mr. Winneslie I owe all that I have, and all the love and duty I could give would but illy repay him."

I had burst into tears, and Mrs. Otcheson wound her arm caressingly about me with soothing epithets. There was something about this woman which I could not fathom. But the moment before I had almost hated her, and now I was sobbing upon her bosom, drawn there by an irresistible power of attraction which some mortals possess.

"This is noble in you!" said Mrs. Otcheson, dropping a tear or two in sympathy with mine. "My husband, too, is a great deal my senior; but I, alas! am bound with *golden* fetters, not those of love. My story, if told, would be found very similar to that of 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

It did not strike me at the time as strange that a woman could communicate to a perfect stranger a fact like this; so much is there in "manner" that I considered Mrs. Otcheson as very much to be pitied for her misfortunes. When I knew her better, I transferred my pity to *Mr.* Otcheson.

We had quite a long interview, and I became calm again, and promised frequent visits; and at last, with many kind messages for Mr. Winneslie, my visitor took her departure.

When alone, I sat and thought these things all over, and I could not make them quite straight; but, while deep in my reverie, my husband's hands were suddenly placed over my eyes, as he saluted me as "Mrs. Grave-face."

I laughed, and told him of my visitors; and he said, with a brightening smile, that Mrs. Otcheson was very kind, and he was glad I had found such agreeable acquaintances. Mr.

Pendleigh, he said, was a noble-looking fellow; we must do all in our power to make him forget his misfortune.

Poor Arthur!

The first Sunday after their arrival there appeared at church Mrs. Otcheson and the children, and an elderly gentleman with stiff, white hair brushed up very high. Mr. Otcheson stood up very erect, and made very loud responses, and seemed determined to render himself as imposing as possible; but what a contrast to *her!*

The family attracted much attention; and poor Mr. Darrell, the young candidate for priest's orders, who now and then officiated in Mr. Winneslie's place, dealt forth his amiable platitudes with even less success than usual; for all eyes were constantly traveling in the direction of that one pew. Mrs. Otcheson's beautiful face seemed to look forth from a rose-colored cloud, the effect of the plumes in her bonnet; while the children, with their costly leghorns and rich white feathers, their dresses in the latest Paris style, and faces and air miniatures of the mother, were specimens of childhood not often seen in Meadowbrook.

So the good people looked, as country people will; and Miss Sally Simes maliciously remarked that "she supposed we should all be turned upside down now." Notwithstanding which prediction the people of Meadowbrook continued, without an exception, to walk on their feet as they had hitherto done.

Mr. Otcheson was seldom visible save on Sundays, being too much immersed in his ledger and day-book in the city to enjoy his country-home. He looked like a long added-up line of figures; and Mrs. Otcheson might perhaps be excused for any thing but marrying him.

I stopped at the house one morning, at rather an unseasonable hour, on an errand for Mr. Winneslie; and Mrs. Otcheson declares that nothing could be pleasanter, and I should go directly up to her "sanctum," as she called it, and be perfectly at home.

Her energetic volubility conquered me; and finding all my objections overruled, I suffered myself to be persuaded, and followed her up the broad flight of richly-carpeted stairs to a large room in the second story.

The same taste was displayed in every part of the house; and in answer to my admiring remarks, Mrs. Otcheson said that one would scarcely suppose a gentleman to be the prime mover of all.

"Mr. Otcheson?" said I, inquiringly.

"Mercy, no!" she replied, quite pettishly; "Mr. Otcheson couldn't tell pink from blue, or green from red. The slightest inconsistency offends Oscar's quick eye; and I often think that, with his ultra-refinement, he is scarcely a fit companion for us poor mortals of this commonplace sphere."

Mrs. Otcheson seemed devoted to her brother; and this deep, sisterly affection appeared to me very beautiful. Oh! what short-sighted creatures we are! But it must be remembered that I might as well have spent my life in a convent, for all the knowledge I had of the world and the world's iniquities; and Mr. Winneslie, with his thoughts like mountains half lost in heaven, was not much wiser.

The room was furnished with green—a light, spring-like tint; and rich lace draped the toilet-table and windows. What intricacies of the toilet were here displayed in dazzling splendor! Cut-glass bottles filled with perfumes, wonderful pomades, and mother-of-pearl dressing-combs—in short, every thing that wealth and taste could devise. I had scarcely imagined such luxury; and I thought of the severely plain Arethusa moving amidst these surroundings with the ease of a cow in a flower-bed.

Mrs. Otcheson seated me in a fauteuil that quite frightened me, so low did I sink into its cushioned depths; and I should scarcely have been surprised had I been gently let down through some trap-door.

"Now," said my smiling friend, "this is just as it should be. I am quite lonely to-day, for Oscar has gone on some erratic expedition to the city, and your arrival was quite *apropos*. This is my own particular domain, into which no one ventures to intrude; even the children knock at the door for permission to enter; and here I can imagine myself *free*"—as she nervously twitched the wedding-ring on her finger—"free, I mean, from all cares."

I understood her, perhaps, as she did not wish to be understood; and I pitied her, sitting there in her luxuriant beauty.

We sat thus for some minutes; but suddenly Mrs. Otcheson caught my eye, and dashing off this melancholy mood, she moved quickly toward an elegant piano.

"Do you play?" said she, abruptly.

I unwillingly replied in the negative; and running her fingers carelessly over the keys, she struck a few random notes, and then perceiving my absorbed interest, broke boldly forth into a strain of melody that pervaded my whole soul with a sense of satisfied delight.

I absolutely *fed* upon that music; and when the notes ceased, and Mrs. Otcheson turned to ascertain the cause of my silence, I drew a long sigh, like one unwillingly awakened from a pleasant dream.

"Why, you are a perfect enthusiast!" she exclaimed; "and yet you have no knowledge of music? That is so singular!"

"Not so very," I replied: "a musical education is expensive, and I was educated upon very economical principles."

"Very frankly spoken," said Mrs. Otcheson; "I like that. But I have a proposal to make," she continued, "which is, that you commence taking lessons forthwith, with me for your teacher. I see that you would be an apt scholar, and it will be a real charity to provide me with some employment. Let us begin at once."

The proposition was a tempting one, but I hesitated to accept it until I had consulted Mr. Winneslie. I did not know that he would wish me to accept this favor from a stranger.

Mrs. Otcheson laughed when I spoke of my husband.

"Well," said he, "you *are* an obedient little wife—you are but a child yet."

I turned the conversation with the rather abrupt remark: "Your brother was not at church on Sunday?"

"No," she replied; "the truth is, Oscar very rarely goes to church—he does not approve of it."

"Does not *approve* of it?" I repeated.

"No," continued Mrs. Otcheson, apologetically; "Oscar has some very peculiar views, and one of these is that going to church is a species of vanity. He can worship God, he says, better in the open air—in every thing."

"In other words," thought I, "he doesn't worship Him at all." I was silent, and could scarcely have been more shocked had Mr. Pendleigh appeared visibly before me and displayed a cloven foot.

"We have always thought it best," said Mrs. Otcheson, "to humor Oscar—trusting that time, and perhaps some gentle influence, might wean him from these strange notions. He is a great admirer of beauty, and perhaps, Mrs. Winneslie, if *you* were to take him in hand, you might be able to convert him from his heathenism."

I told Mrs. Otcheson that I had too little confidence in my own goodness to undertake the reformation of another, and here the conversation dropped.

I was quite frightened at discovering how the hours had slipped away; and I hastened home for fear that my husband might become uneasy.

Mr. Winneslie was delighted with the music-plan, and declared that it was the very thing for me. I should go there, he said, as often as I liked; and he appeared to think that Mrs. Otcheson would be receiving, instead of conferring a favor. I told him about Mr. Pendleigh, and he was quite troubled.

"Poor fellow!" said he; "poor, deluded fellow! There is a great deal more of this in the world than you imagine, Fairy; and we are not to sit still and fold our hands, even if we do distrust our own goodness. We must endeavor to cultivate the acquaintance of this Mr. Pendleigh, and show him that we really feel an interest in him, and perhaps, with God's help, we may be able to win him over to the truth."

And my husband, who was not one to content himself with talking, took an early opportunity to invite Mr. Pendleigh to make himself as much at home at the Parsonage as he felt inclined.

"It is always cool and shaded," said he, with frank simplicity, "if it can offer no other attraction; and to an invalid like yourself a change may be agreeable."

Mr. Pendleigh seemed very much affected. He grasped Mr. Winneslie's hand with warmth, and regarded him with the half-yearning reverence with which we look upon those whom we believe to be very much better than ourselves. "He would certainly come," he said; "as the only way in which he could show his deep appreciation of this kindness was by accepting it."

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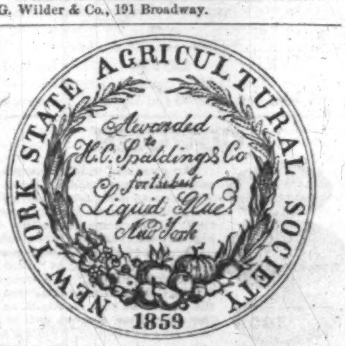

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